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CHRONICLE.

In Parliament.
Lords.

YESTERDAY week, after some minor business, the House of Lords attended to the bitter cry of the Scotch ratepayer, who objects to be taxed by fishermen for fishermen. According to some this is, no doubt, an ignorant impatience, and everybody ought to be only too altruistically happy to submit to the process in every possible instance—education, public amusements, the price of coal, and what not. But the Lords thought otherwise, and only passed the Bill after rejecting the clauses, new and old, which were objected to.

Commons.

On the same day the House of Commons discussed the Parish Councils Bill with a rope round its neck, under the sword of DAMOCLES, under the boughs of a young birch-tree, or any other metaphor that the soul of the reader loveth. It was told that if it would pass Clauses 9 and 10 it should not be kept in on Saturday, but if not it should. It did pass Clause 9 and very nearly passed Clause 10. And so, as some British journalists would say, "DAMOCLES sheathed his sword." Perhaps it was not very dignified; but dignity and the House of Commons have for some time past agreed to live apart, and not trouble themselves about each other.

The ever-burning question of the Christian Brothers, and the insatiable thirst of Mr. LABOUCHERE for information about the Matabele, served as prelude on Monday to the usual Parish Councils martyrdom or boredom.

Lords.

The Upper House sat for a short time on Tuesday that the Royal Assent might be given to some Bills.

Commons.

In the Commons Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN said "Hush!" in the best official manner to some questions of Mr. GOURLEY about Malta and Gibraltar; and Mr. GLADSTONE informed Mr. CREMER that, although the Government were panting, like the hart for cooling streams, for an eight hours day, he did not see how in their own establishments this millennium, or octo-horarium, is to be attained. The Parish Councils debate then grew considerably warmer as it approached the subject of the control of charities. And the warmth became heat when

the SOLICITOR-GENERAL announced that the Government, in direct defiance of their pledges, intended to accept an amendment of Mr. COBB's providing for a majority of elected trustees in regard to any charity not explicitly "ecclesiastical." This point was not actually reached during the day, but it promises a good fight. For, in the first place, it is, as we have said, a gross breach of faith, and, in the second, it suggests, according to universal experience, jobbery and malversation of the worst possible kind.

The COBB Amendment itself was not reached on Wednesday, but the fight raged over others of the same kind, and the Government majorities, which have recently averaged seventy or eighty, if not more, dropped into the forties. Indeed, it is only necessary to state the general principle which the Government have now accepted to understand the vigour with which the fight is fought. It is their proposal that endowments expressly left in trust to the vicar and churchwardens, but without an express rider that they are for the use of members of the Church only, or that churchwardens, if Nonconformists, may not act, are to be handed over to a Parish Council, which may very possibly contain a Nonconformist majority. The impudent injustice of this is so great that probably no majority except one composed of Irish Nationalists, who are also mainly enemies to the Church, could dream of supporting it. But with such a majority Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT thinks it safe to talk clap-trap about "the spiritual power," and Mr. GLADSTONE to amuse himself by railing at deathbed bequests, of which, indeed, under his proposed legislation there is not likely to be any great number.

The battle over Endowment continued on Thursday at midnight, on which day the COBB Amendment, or sub-section, which embodies the breach of faith of the Government, was under discussion. The outward signs of the fight were, on the Government side, the announcement of a Saturday sitting, and the application of the Closure—signs responded to heartily on the part of the Opposition by an attendance (which included Mr. BALFOUR) reducing the Government majority in one instance to thirty-three. The debate also was pretty warm, Ministers being pressed home with the question, "How a man could leave funds out of the clutch of the Parish Council?" Earlier Sir EDWARD GREY and Mr. GLADSTONE had answered, or rather fenced, with

questions about the Mekong buffer State and Uganda, it appearing from the discussion that the former, though agreed upon in general, is still very much *in nubibus*.

Politics out of The Unemployed met Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on Monday, and, as usual, showed that they were not very well able to make out their case. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, however, made them a good speech, and took occasion to refer to the conduct (unnecessary to qualify) of the London County Council, which, having vast plans of employment ready to its hand, will not put them in operation simply because it is not allowed to indulge, without inquiry, its own tyrannical fads in the matter of raising the money. He also laid useful stress on the necessity of providing new markets abroad.

Fresh deputations, representing the miners of Wales and the North-West, waited on Lord SALISBURY, on Tuesday, to urge him to preserve their freedom in the matter of "contracting out." The LORD CHANCELLOR, in a letter to Mr. WEIR, mildly complained that, if he were to carry out Mr. STOREY's views as to the magisterial bench, he should have to make fifteen thousand new appointments. Lord HERSCHELL evidently thinks (as we do) that the implied question, "And where am I to get fifteen thousand Gladstonians fit to be 'magistrates?'" is a poser. Deputations waited on divers Ministers about inebriates and corn-measures.

Mr. ASQUITH spoke at the Eighty Club on Wednesday and indulged in the famous anti-Democratic "51 to 49" argument in reference to contracting out. We should have thought such a weapon in Democratic hands more like to cut those hands than to damage opponents. And Mr. ASQUITH seems (perhaps justly) to have held the intelligence of his audience rather cheap when he implied that the 51 may impose conditions on the 49 to begin with, but that when the numbers have changed the will of the 49 is to prevail.

Mr. BALFOUR appeared in public on Wednesday for the first time since his illness, meeting his constituents at Manchester, and briefly addressing them. The Temperance fanatics, before visiting Mr. GLADSTONE in deputation to urge on the Local Option Bill, held a great corroboree on Wednesday at St. James's Hall and Covent Garden Theatre, at which performers of various sexes appeared.

The Temperance people duly waited on Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT on Thursday, and received the assurance that the Local Option Bill was a first mortgage on the Government's affections and endeavours—that is to say, the first after about a dozen others. The PRIME MINISTER had declined to repeat Government intervention in the case of the Scotch coal strike. The Featherstone Report was published, and is fully discussed elsewhere. A contest was expected at Accrington in consequence of the appointment of Mr. LEESE, M.P., to the Recordship of Manchester. The second Congress of the Agricultural Union met under Lord WINCHILSEA's presidency.

Ireland. In Ireland (where, by the way, moonlighting has begun to be complicated with flat burglary, silver plate as well as arms having been "lifted"), Sir DAVID HARREL, who has been temporarily filling Sir WEST RIDGEWAY's shoes as Under-Secretary, has received the permanent appointment. On Monday it was announced that Mr. MORLEY had been peremptorily ordered "complete rest" by his doctors, and he was shortly packed off to the Mediterranean. So that is what comes of an "All the Year Round" Session.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. This day week it was said that the CASIMIR-PERIER Ministry was by no means popular in France, where the Colonial men were trying to get up an agitation against the last Anglo-German agreement on the strength of certain statements of M.

MIZON. But the Mizonian security appears somewhat doubtful, and the "French Protectorate of Adamawa" very strongly resembles Port Tarascon. The German Reichstag had passed, but not finally, the crucial clause of a Bill repealing the special legislation against the Jesuits. In Brazil Admiral DE MELLO was said to have run the gauntlet of the Rio forts safely with the *Aquidaban* and an armed merchantman, presumably with the intention of meeting the ships recruited by the Peixotists in the United States.

It was asserted on Monday morning that the principle of the Mekong buffer State had been settled between France and England, on the basis that it should belong to China. This, subject to further intelligence as to its extent, &c., would do very well, for we never ought to quarrel with the Chinese, and they have shown themselves able to give a pretty good account of the French. But, for this latter reason, the arrangement may not be popular in France. In some otherwise unimportant news from Mashonaland, the ostentatious use by the Chartered Company of the word "burgher," with its Afrikaner suggestions, is to be noted. The CASIMIR-PERIER Ministry had been gazetted in Paris. The German Reichstag was fighting over the Jesuit Bill, and the Civil Marriage scheme had been introduced in the Hungarian Parliament. It is lamentable to see that this includes a tyrannical and unreasonable provision insisting, under penalties, on the civil marriage taking place before the religious. Nothing can possibly be gained by this, from the point of view of public expediency, every consideration of which is satisfied by the submission of the marriage, in this or that form, within a reasonable period, before or after its celebration, to civil registration of one kind or another, under penalty of civil disabilities only, and by provision of facilities for merely civil union on the part of those who prefer it.

In making his Ministerial statement on Monday, M. CASIMIR-PERIER, who kept pretty close to the lines of his predecessor, described the French Revolution as having affirmed the "principles of liberty and individual property"—by, it would seem, the process of abolishing the one and redistributing the other. In America President CLEVELAND's Message was remarkable for its straightforward handling of the financial and tariff difficulties, for the absence of any spread-eagling and tail-twisting in regard to Brazil and England, and for the very frank and handsome apology for the discreditable proceedings of American representatives in Hawaii. In fact, we do not remember a Presidential Message which showed better qualities—if they be lived up to.

On Wednesday morning confirmation of the Chinese buffer State story came from France, with the addition that China has no objections, but also, as was expected, with certain *glapissements* from the Chauvinist organs in the French press. M. DUPUY had "fallen soft," having been elected President of the Chamber in the room of that very M. CASIMIR-PERIER who has taken his own seat. For so they box it about in France. The Russian alliance had borne characteristic fruit in the acquittal of a certain Russian Baron RAHDEN for pistolling a Danish lieutenant. And, indeed, that a Franco-Russian bargain should be sealed in Danish blood has a certain graphico-historico-political propriety. There was a little Matabele news, tending to show that the King has played the very likely card of sending directly to Colonel GOOLD-ADAMS, the Imperial commander, and asking that the Company's dogs shall be called off, and that he may come in.

A rather disquieting rumour was started, on Thursday, that the Russians had revived the old project of opening the Kilia mouth of the Danube—a thing which would, or at least might, mean the Eastern

question in its most malignant form. The ZANARDELLI Ministry in Italy was said to be breaking down, or, rather, never to have succeeded in getting itself constructed. Marshal MARTINEZ CAMPOS had been offending the Madrid press by very severe disciplinary rules at Melilla. The King of SIAM had, it seems, been much gratified by a message of congratulation from Queen VICTORIA on his "Silver Jubilee." The Siamese are very polite, and, no doubt, appreciate politeness; but they might like a little positive backing from their friends as well.

The foreign news of yesterday morning was not very important, though there were some details of interest from Brazil.

The Universities. At Oxford on Tuesday Congregation voted by about three to two that it was desirable that a new School of English Literature should be established—a matter whereon there were much to be said. The most sensible thing in the debate was the wish of Mr. RALEIGH that all schools, except Classics and Mathematics, should be "post-graduate," and so additions to, not substitutes for, the only sound machinery of universal education. The silliest was Professor SANDAY's repetition of the silly old statement that "five-sixths of the work done on English literature is done abroad." This, translated from fiction into fact, means that the "doctoral thesis," "programme," &c., being an institution of Continental Universities, some young Frenchmen and many young Germans choose English subjects, the work done on which is published as a matter of course, is sometimes valuable, but, in the majority of cases, is quite the reverse.

The Law Courts. On Monday the Distressed Washerwoman in whose behalf the Highgate magistrates last week browbeat a clergyman again appeared before those SOLOMONS, charged with a fresh pawning of linen. As the prosecutor in this case was not a clerk in Holy Orders, it does not appear that their sapience indulged in any *obiter dicta* on his conduct. But it was incidentally mentioned that the equally sapient public had been so stirred by the story of the Wicked Priest and the Poor Washerwoman that it had sent in seventeen-and-sixpence to comfort that innocent.—The ZIERENBERG and HARNES cases have pursued their course; and a good deal has been heard of a very singular sham-marriage affair, in which—to prevent some pecuniary loss—a widow, now seventy-four, alleges, with the corroboration of one SOPHIA NEWLAND, that some thirty years ago she, in the name of JAMES STANLEY and in man's attire, did marry the said SOPHIA NEWLAND, the pair passing subsequently for years as Mr. and Mrs. STANLEY or SMITH.—Another curious legal matter was the appearance of the Chief Justice of the Bahamas before a sort of Star Chamber Committee of the Privy Council to show cause why he should not be removed. The piquancy of this was greatly enhanced by the LORD CHANCELLOR's pathetic ejaculation, "Very often men quite unfit to be judges could obtain in their favour the signatures of 'a large number of persons!'" *Il s'y connaît, le pauvre homme!* in the matter of those about Mr. STOREY and county Bench-packing.

The London County Council. The London County Council on Tuesday occupied itself with the Duke of ARGYLL's formulation of its views on betterment (which seems to have gravely disturbed the equanimity of the majority), with persisting in the indirect form of grab at that means of revenue in reference to the Tower Bridge approaches and the water scheme, and with certain allegations made against the Fire Brigade Committee, which, having already driven Sir EYRE SHAW to resign, appears to be going the same way with his successor. Mr. THORNTON, in reply, "indignantly denied" the statements, proceeding, it may

be added, to admit at least two of them in a left-handed manner, and to disprove none.

The Trial Eight. The University Trial Eight's races came off at the end of last week on the usual courses at Littleport and Moultsford, Cambridge taking the lead on Friday, and Oxford following next day. The Light Blue race was well contested, and won by the crew (Mr. OWEN's) which was not the favourite, but which showed itself much the stronger. The Oxford race was hollower, Mr. RUDGE's crew, which showed in front at first, being almost immediately passed by Mr. GRAHAM's, and completely rowed down, so that they stopped a hundred yards from home. The times in both cases were very fast, and the material for selection apparently much above the average.

The Cattle Show. At the Smithfield Club Show, on Monday, the championship or best-beast prize went to an Aberdeen Angus heifer, Mr. FLETCHER's Pride of the Highlands. HER MAJESTY was *proxime accessit* with a Shorthorn steer which took first prize in both those capacities.

Miscellaneous. A meeting, attended by Lord SALISBURY, the SPEAKER, the LORD CHANCELLOR, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, and many other persons of distinction, was held at Burlington House last Saturday to start a memorial to the late Master of Balliol. On the same day Lord ROBERTS attended the prize distribution of the 2nd London Rifles (Lady ROBERTS giving the prizes), and spoke on the value of the Volunteers.—The Anarchists made a slight attempt on Sunday to open that "safety-valve" in his estimate of the value of which Mr. ASQUITH has varied so oddly; but the police had no difficulty in keeping it shut.

Obituary. The Duke of LEINSTER, the head of the GERALDINES, and Premier Duke, Marquess, and Earl of Ireland, had only enjoyed the dukedom a few years, and was not much over forty. The Duke made no great public figure, but was one of the most respected of Irishmen. Something the same (substituting Englishmen for Irishmen) may be said of the Earl of WARWICK, who, at a much more advanced age, died subsequently. Lord WARWICK had not displayed the intellectual ability which has sometimes characterized the GREVILLES, but his character was beyond reproach. The best-known incident in his long tenure of his title was the partial destruction of Warwick Castle by fire some years ago, and the help given to its restoration by public subscription.—Dr. BRADBY, sometime Headmaster of Haileybury, was a scholar of repute, and had finished his career for the last ten years, after resigning the headmastership, in a commendable, if unusual, fashion by taking up his abode in the East End of London and working there among the poor.—Mr. DOWDESWELL, Q.C., was a very well-known lawyer, and Mr. CHAUNCEY GILES—an American—the chief speaker among those who preach the interesting, but intangible, gospel of EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.—Professor TYNDALL (whose lamentable death was caused by the accidental administration of an overdose of chloral) was too many-sided a man to be adequately sketched in the few lines here available, and more will be found on him elsewhere. In the Alps and in the Royal Institution, on platforms and in newspapers, he was an energetic and distinguished figure; nor was he less remarkable in a large circle of private friends.—The Marquis DE RAYS, though it may be much forgotten in these times of rapid forgetting, was a noteworthy figure but yesterday as one of those self-deluding deluders of others who sometimes attain, but oftener miss, greatness. As it was, the Polynesian ventures of the Marquis brought himself to prison and suggested to M. DAUDET a means of killing the immortal in the person of TARTARIN.—Canon BROADLEY was a Dorsetshire country clergyman for half a century, and

by good arguments. It fully confirms the impression of clear-headedness and strength of will which was left by his management of the SHERMAN Repeal Act. A large part of the document is devoted to an exposition of the financial and commercial position of the Union, manifestly designed as a justification of the policy of the Democratic Administration. The story is one which a politician would naturally prefer to have to tell of an enemy's doings. A Treasury burdened with an enormous mass of useless silver, a certain deficit, a diminishing export trade, and at home industry hampered by artificial high prices of necessities and raw material, are the chief items of the inheritance left by the Republican to the Democratic Administration. Mr. CLEVELAND's Ministers have to prepare to meet a deficit of nearly six millions sterling. The PRESIDENT of one of the most wealthy countries in the world, which is absolutely free from the necessity of maintaining a great army, has to express his doubts whether it is wise, in the present depleted state of the Treasury, to begin building one more battle-ship and six torpedo-boats. There is something absolutely ridiculous in the PRESIDENT's picture of the embarrassment caused by corrupt and ignorant legislation. If the United States had been entangled in a great and ill-managed war, its finances could hardly be in a worse condition than that in which they have been left by the Silver legislation and the McKINLEY Tariff.

Mr. CLEVELAND makes no attempt to delude the country by promises of heroic remedies. He does not disguise from his countrymen the disagreeable fact that the effects of the SHERMAN law will have to be endured for some time. He will have nothing to say to "alluring and temporary experiments." The Monetary Conference is dismissed politely, but with a sufficiently clear intimation that the PRESIDENT sees no prospect of any good to be obtained by a renewal of its meetings. The PRESIDENT is of opinion that the United States must reform their currency for themselves, and that nothing is to be hoped from further attempts to give an artificial value to silver. The argumentative and even didactic character of a President's Message is very conspicuous in the paragraphs which deal with the Tariff. Mr. CLEVELAND justifies the Bill lately presented to the Committee of Congress by Mr. WILSON by a compact statement of the economical principles which, if they had been understood earlier, would have saved the United States from Mr. McKINLEY. A fall of 182,612,954 dols. in the amount of merchandise exported in one year may perhaps teach the voters of the United States that to outrageously increase the cost of production is the most effectual of known methods of decreasing the volume of trade. The economic policy of Mr. CLEVELAND's Government will certainly fall far short of Free-trade. From one passage in his Message it may be gathered that he expects not a little opposition from local interests which feel themselves menaced by reform of the Tariff, and is prepared to pay all the regard he can "to the fact that conditions have grown up among us which, in justice and fairness, call for discriminating care in the distribution of such duties and taxation as the emergencies of government actually demand." The United States will, in fact, continue to protect, but not in the McKinleyan sense. They will continue to give the native producer a preference in the Home market; but they will not act on the delusion that it is possible to raise a Chinese wall so curiously constructed that it allows all export to go out, while forbidding all import to come in.

Mr. CLEVELAND's references to foreign affairs present an agreeable contrast to certain passages in previous Messages. We are glad to hear that "it is not doubted that Great Britain" will "co-operate freely" for the purpose of carrying out "the award and regulations

"agreed upon by the Behring Sea Tribunal of Arbitration." Any doubt on the point would be discreditable to the good sense of the person who felt it; and we are therefore glad to hear there is none in the mind of Mr. CLEVELAND. The assurance that the United States will continue to maintain the attitude of the "attentive, but impartial, observer" towards the "unfortunate conflict" in Brazil is also, we are sure, "not to be doubted." It is made to appear all the more trustworthy by the really very fair and honourable course adopted towards Hawaii. Nothing could be more explicit than Mr. CLEVELAND's disavowal of Mr. STEVENS, or more candid than his confession that the revolution in the Islands was wholly the work of the United States agent, and was effected "through intimidation caused by the presence of an armed naval force of the United States." The present Minister has received "appropriate instructions," which, it is "not to be doubted," will be found to undo the wrong as far as that is possible.

IRELAND AND THE CHIEF SECRETARY.

THE Government are no doubt admirably congratulating themselves on the existence of the Explosives Act. Probably they say in their hearts that they are but gathering in the fruits of the wisdom and foresight displayed by them some ten years ago, and that if they have now a better chance of hitting off the scent of the Dublin dynamiters, the credit is their own. There are who would give a slightly different account of the situation, or, at any rate, who would make a slight addition to their account of it. There are who would say that, if it is to the credit of the Second GLADSTONE Administration that the present Government are not worse off for detective powers than they are, it is, on the other hand, to the deep discredit of the Fourth GLADSTONE Administration that it is not much better off for those powers than it is. To praise them unreservedly for having provided themselves with that half-loaf of an Explosives Act which is better than no bread would be to forget that a year ago they had the whole loaf of a Crimes Act which, with wicked wastefulness, they flung to their Radicals and Irish. More, too, might be said about the Explosives Act itself, its origin and the mode of its enactment; but we forbear. After all, it is an ill wind that blows no one any good; and, if it be true that that Act would not be quite the Act it is if the Home Secretary of that date had not been quite the man he was, it is only necessary to redistribute our gratitude for this useful piece of legislation, and to bestow a portion of it on the nerves of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT.

Meanwhile it is satisfactory to know that the Government are putting in operation the imperfect powers at their disposal. The secret inquiry, which is being held under the Explosives Act by the direction of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, was opened last Tuesday under the presidency of a Resident Magistrate, the examination being conducted by the Assistant-Commissioner of Police. It is not—as it might have been under the Crimes Act the repeal of which was bought by the Irish vote at the last election—an inquiry of a judicial character, nor has the magistrate any power of taking sworn depositions as in the initial stage of a criminal prosecution. The police, however, are doing their best to supplement the defects of the legal machine by their activity in working it. It is intended, we are told, to examine a large number of witnesses, the movements of some of whom have been closely watched, while others are under actual detention with a view to their being brought up to the Castle for examination. The result of the inquiry will afford a good test of the efficiency of the Act. It will have to beat a good

record, since it was admittedly owing to those powers of preliminary inquiry which were conferred by the enactment so mischievously and factiously abandoned by the present Government on coming into office that the Phoenix Park murderers were hunted down.

We can accompany Mr. MORLEY to the Riviera with no better wish than that he may find the Dublin dynamiters unearthed and brought to justice by the time of his return to this country. He has in the meantime our sincere sympathy under the attack of illness to which he has been temporarily compelled to succumb. We cannot, however, pretend that sympathy with Mr. MORLEY is the only emotion which is, or which ought to be, aroused by the misfortune which has befallen him. How far he may be himself responsible for the unconscionable demand which is being made on the strength and health of members of the House of Commons we have no means of knowing. It is pretty well known, however, that in all arrangements of public business the wishes of the PRIME MINISTER are virtually paramount, and that the responsibility, therefore, for the subjection of his colleagues, his party, his opponents, and, above all, the helpless and hardly-used officers of the House, to the intolerable strain which is being put upon them must rest mainly, if not wholly, on Mr. GLADSTONE. His deplorably inconsiderate conduct in this matter is, no doubt, directly attributable to one of those unconscious changes which, as the Duke of ARGYLL so acutely pointed out the other day, are most to be dreaded among the disqualifying accompaniments of old age. It is to mistake the true character of the situation altogether to remark, as did the *Times* the other day, that Mr. GLADSTONE's "extraordinary energy and endurance are not possessed in equal measure by his younger colleagues." As a matter of fact, Mr. GLADSTONE's energy is but fitfully displayed, and as to his endurance, it is never taxed in equal, or anything like equal, measure with that of his colleagues. They save and spare him in every possible way, while by the House at large he is treated with an amount of indulgence which, however generous and graceful in itself, could be extended to no Prime Minister except at considerable cost to the public interest, although he has now evidently come to regard it as a right. Nothing short of an egotism which has insensibly grown to unparalleled proportions with advancing years could permit a Minister in Mr. GLADSTONE's position to load his fellow-legislators with burdens which he must know to be excessive, and which he cannot by personally sharing them ascertain to be even endurable.

THE THIRTY-SECOND CABINET.

IF a respectable gentleman who is President of the Chamber of Deputies is a reserve force and a possible future President of the Republic, and if he ceases to be both on becoming Prime Minister, what happens to another respectable gentleman who has been Prime Minister, and then becomes President of the Chamber of Deputies? Does he become at once a reserve and a possible successor of M. CARNOT? As these qualities have, to the best of our recollection, been attributed to every tenant of the post, it is at least a probable opinion that they are part of its dignities, if not of its emoluments. The question may be commended to the attention of the student of constitutional practice, and particularly to MM. CARNOT, CASIMIR-PERIER, and DUPUY. The third has succeeded the second as President of the Chamber, and it would be interesting to know whether he also succeeds him as tacit rival of the first. If so, the gossips will be on the outlook for his speedy return to the post of Prime Minister.

In the meantime the Third Republic is in possession of its thirty-second Cabinet, with M. CASIMIR-PERIER at the head thereof. He has not been brought there without difficulty, nor, if all tales be true, till the paternal M. SPULLER had brought the two Presidents to weep in one another's arms. M. CASIMIR-PERIER has begun with one of those declarations of policy of which the French Parliament-man is a master. It sounds very wise, and is quite full of sonorous phrases. Respect for liberty of thought and conscience, progress, and the principles which the French Revolution has given as the foundation of modern society, which, it seems, are liberty and individual property, are all, to speak somewhat irreverently, trotted out for the hundredth time or the ten thousandth. M. CASIMIR-PERIER knows what universal suffrage means, and is free to assert that at no time has it "more clearly condemned the policy of abstract formulas, of unjustifiable prejudice, of arbitrary classifications." If these fearful wildfowl do not quake at the words of doom, they must, indeed, be hardened. Speaking with all the respect we can muster, a little less abstract formula is certainly desirable in M. CASIMIR-PERIER. The sceptical Deputy who cried out "We will wait for your Bills" is probably no true Frenchman. He expresses too brutally the view which would be taken by most Englishmen of so much vague and possibly empty talk. The size of the majority which elected M. DUPUY represents something which is not mere words, and is also not of good omen for M. CASIMIR-PERIER. M. DUPUY was the Moderate candidate, and his opponent was M. BRISSON, who is odious to the Moderates. Yet the figures of the division were 251 to 213. This is a very small majority in such a Chamber as the French. The partisans of M. DUPUY are consoling themselves by reflecting that the Radicals voted their whole strength, and received all the support they can hope for from the Conservatives, while many who may be trusted to vote on the Moderate side in future saw no reason for exerting themselves on this occasion. Unluckily for them this is what always does happen. The Radicals vote their whole strength, the more bitter Conservatives support them—and a large part of the Moderates stays away. A few more abstentions, at a future day, may upset M. CASIMIR-PERIER's Ministry as suddenly, and with as little cause, as most of its thirty-one predecessors have been tumbled over.

Already the new Ministry has a difficulty to deal with, if reports from Paris are to be trusted. The description given of the alleged arrangement, or draft of an arrangement, between England and France in Siam has thrown a portion of the Paris press into one of its familiar fits of fury. From our point of view the arrangement would be, perhaps, as satisfactory as can be hoped for. A buffer State is, we are told, to be formed, and it is to be put under the protection of China. Now as China is, in its way, strong, and is, without qualification, obstinate, it is the better fitted to act as a buffer. French adventurers on the frontier would hardly venture to take those liberties with Chinese officials which they would assuredly permit themselves in dealing with a feeble Shan State. For that very reason, no doubt, some of the French papers are in such a rage at the prospect of what they call the bringing in of China. It is a pity and a danger that this question should have to be settled with a new Ministry, which has yet to learn whether it can rely on a stable majority. M. CASIMIR-PERIER is likely to be very sensitive to the charge that he is "lowering the flag of France." M. EDOUARD BLANC, the traveller, has just assured his countrymen, in the course of an article on the Pamir, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, that colonial interests are not worth the cost of a great war, and that England will not

fight for them. Therefore, says the bold M. BLANC, France and Russia have only "to ask and have." This conviction is very likely to stimulate both papers and Deputies at Paris to an exhibition of patriotism.

A BOUNCING BRITISHER.

MR. LECKY falls short, we fear, in one aspect of the ideal of wisdom held up by ST. PAUL to the Corinthians. He does not endure fools gladly. On the contrary, he treats them with some impatience. So much is apparent in his reply to a remonstrance of the Secretary of the Scottish Home Rule Association, whose title to consideration may, perhaps, be justly inferred from the office which he holds. The Secretary having read Mr. LECKY's lecture at the Imperial Institute could not contain his feelings. In the name of indignant Scotland, where, said the anonymous Secretary, the lecturer had given the greatest offence, he addressed a protest to the PRINCE OF WALES, who had presided over the injury. Mr. LECKY's lecture, it appears, simply bristled with insults to Scotland. He ignored that country altogether, having spoken of the British Empire as the "sole possession of England"—a considerable possession, though it were the only one. But the Secretary means, we suppose, the possession of England alone. Mr. LECKY further, it would appear, spoke of the colonies as having been "built up by Englishmen." The PRINCE OF WALES replied to this intrusive and unintelligent person with a politeness and forbearance which, we hope, were not thrown away upon him. Perhaps he has had a larger experience of fools than Mr. LECKY, and can put up with them more readily. He expressed his conviction that Mr. LECKY had had no intention of casting any reflection on Scotland, or of ignoring the great services which the inhabitants of that country have undeniably rendered towards the creation of the Empire.

Next day Mr. LECKY condescended to reply, obliging the vindicator of the claims of Britain as against England with "a haughty British stare," which should be agreeable to his British feelings. "I do not know who this gentleman may be," said Mr. LECKY, severely, and then proceeded to make an example of him. So far from describing the Empire as an exclusively English creation and possession, Mr. LECKY spoke of it as consisting of "vast territories under the British flag, and in the hands of the British race." The British flag we know; but where to look for the British race, except in Wales, we are at a loss to conjecture. He repeatedly made use of the term British; but he does not deny that he did occasionally speak of England and the English. If, to parody Lord CHATHAM's declaration, we were Scotsmen, as we are Englishmen, we should not object to this. The British Empire, the British flag, the British Crown, the British Parliament by all means. But let us have the English race, the English language, and English literature. The English people is not shut in by the Tweed and St. George's Channel. It is the dominant race in the three kingdoms, not only in England but in the Scotch Lowlands and in Ulster, and in the scattered groups which are centres of civilization among the Highlands and in Southern and Western Ireland. Mr. LECKY is, we believe, an Irishman, and the distinction between British and Irish is at least as marked as that of Englishman and Scot, while there are most respectable constituents of the Empire who are neither English nor Irish nor Scotch. We owe the term Great Britain to JAMES I., who was not content to be King of England, Scotland, and Ireland (to say nothing of France), which was his true hereditary title, but made himself—off his own bat, by Royal proclama-

tion, and against the feeling of the House of Commons—King of Great Britain. The usage was followed promptly, SHAKESPEARE, or his printers, converting the "Fee, fi, fo, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman," of the original lines, into "Fee, fi, fo, fum, I smell the blood of a British man." The practice grew, and was recognized in the Act of Union with Scotland. Queen ANNE, ascending the throne before it was accomplished, boasted in her first Royal speech that her heart was entirely English. After 1707, no doubt, it became entirely British. GEORGE III., at the instance, it is supposed, of Lord BUTE, inserted in his first speech the words "born a Briton," or, as he is said to have written them, "a Britain." He would have been born an Englishman if the Act of Union had not been passed. It is, perhaps, desirable that some common term should exist for use on State occasions which covers old rivalries. But we cannot consent to speak as if CARACTACUS and BOADICEA were the historic glories of the country, and TALIessin and ANEURIN the founders of our literature. We are willing that "BRITANNIA" should "rule the waves" if the "mariners of England" are allowed to "guard our native seas." Britons may "strike home" if it be in the conviction that "there is no land like England." Mr. FREEMAN, going beyond GEORGE III., even gloried in the name of a Britisher as conferred on him by American tongues, since he thought it implied the claim of Americans to be Englishmen. Without pushing the use of the word outside the limits of political allegiance, we may insist that a term which combines the association of race, language, literature, and historic achievement shall not be proscribed by a provincial fanaticism which ignores them all. If the Secretary of the Scotch Home Rule Association likes to substitute Scotland and Scotch where Mr. LECKY reads England and English, by all means let him do so. If the former usage would be ridiculous, while the latter is natural and inevitable, it may occur to him that there is a reason why. But we rather fear it will not. A person who, like Mr. WADDIE in his latest letter yesterday morning, can loftily assert that "[he will] not be deterred from following [his] national motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit*," on such a question as this, is not likely to be troubled by Reason in any form.

THE FEATHERSTONE REPORT.

IT is useful to begin our remarks on the Report of the Featherstone Committee by pointing out what it does not contain. It does not contain a recommendation that the local magistracy should be brought into harmony with local feeling. We have been told that it would contain this piece of advice to the LORD CHANCELLOR, and have even been assured that it did contain words to that effect. Nevertheless, they are not there. As far as the Report deals with the magistracy at all, it is to lament that one of the body was not sooner on the spot to give Captain BARKER that order to fire which, when addressed to him in his quality of "citizen," is superfluous, but with which he is in his capacity of gentleman holding HER MAJESTY'S commission forbidden to dispense, by those Regulations which he disobeys at the risk of incurring a sentence of death, or such more severe punishment as the court-martial may cause to be inflicted. There is a good deal about what is called, in grave judicial jocularity, "the simplicity of the conditions of the Common Law." We are told that the soldier and officer stand, as regards the obligation to suppress riot, on exactly the same footing as other lieges. Then we are told that "No officer is justi-

"fied by English law in standing by and allowing felonious outrage to be committed merely because of a magistrate's absence." Why is an officer more or less justifiable in this relation than other men? Will the Committee seriously maintain that an officer who refused to leave his barracks during a riot and a citizen who locked his front door and hid in the back kitchen would commit the same act? No amount of platitude into which the Common Law can be hammered by the common lawyer will alter the fact that the soldier is bound to answer the magistrate's appeal, while the civilian may stay at home with impunity. What is gained by long-winded demonstrations that the obligation is equal, or by logic-chopping, distinguishing, and cavilling about and about the Common Law?

The essential parts of the Report are two. Captain BARKER is declared free from all blame, as most sensible people saw from the first that he must be. It is known that he did not fire until called on to do so by the magistrate, and it was manifest from the first that the circumstances were of a kind which would have justified a magistrate in making the call upon him hours earlier. The evidence proves that Captain BARKER and his men endured ten times as much rough usage as would have been tolerated by the Militia of the United States. The remarks made by the Committee on the measures taken to meet the riot by the local magistrate, and a rider which they add about the weapons used by soldiers on these occasions, form the second of what we have called the essential parts of the Report. There will be a pretty general agreement with the Committee's expression of regret that at such a time the police should have been called off to the Doncaster races. And yet what can be more English and inevitable than that life and property should have been left at the mercy of rioters, in order that a course might be kept clear for horses to run along, that the pockets of idle persons looking at the horses run might be guarded, and that the welsher should be saved from the noble sportsman intent upon kicking him to death? We never will believe that there is going to be a real riot till we see it going on, and the drafting of the police was all of a piece with the delay to supply a magistrate, which was the direct cause of the prolongation of the disturbance. It is a pity that the Report of the Committee ends with a not conspicuously wise rider, expressing wishes that some warning, such as a drum or trumpet-call, should be given to rioters before the troops fire, and that the troops themselves should be armed with some weapon less effective than a modern rifle. On the first point we need only say that the rioters at Featherstone had ample warning, and would take none, nor is there the least reason to suppose that they would have been awed by a drum. On the question of weapons we are afraid that the Committee must be candidly allowed to have talked nonsense. The shooting of mere onlookers when the troops fire at a riot is no new thing, nor a consequence of the use of modern weapons. It was not the rioters actually attacking the City guard who were killed when Captain PORTEOUS ordered his men to fire. To suppose that our soldiers can be drilled in the use of a special weapon warranted not to hurt much for the behoof of rioters is absurd, and the notion of a differentiated armoury of weapons carefully adjusted to special purposes more absurd still. If there is one thing more certain about a riot than another, it is that the sooner you strike, and the harder you strike, the less you will have to strike in the long run.

THE FIRE BRIGADE FIASCO.

FOR twenty years, during which the control of the Fire Brigade was in the hands of the late unlamented Metropolitan Board of Works, the Brigade was happy in having no history. That Captain Shaw and his men would be on the spot at the first possible moment, and do all that men could do to save life and protect property, every Londoner took contentedly and justifiably for granted. The history of the Fire Brigade began when the London County Council came into office. We have not yet forgotten the review on the Horse Guards Parade, when the Princess of Wales was mobbed and almost hustled, and the Commander-in-Chief was forced to defend himself with the historic umbrella. Then came the resignation of Captain Shaw, and the somewhat superfluous and wholly unconvincing asseverations of the Fire Brigade Committee that it was not their fault. In his place, not without a public squabble between two Committees of the Council on the subject, the present Chief Officer was appointed. But his salary was fixed at little more than half that of his predecessor, in order to give notice to himself, to his men, and to the public at large that the wings of the Captain Superintendent had been clipped, and that the real head of the service was the Fire Brigade Committee. All this has come to the surface, and has been reported in the public prints. But those who have had access behind the scenes know well that there have been discontent and mismanagement in all directions which have not reached the surface. For one thing, the Council, which pays to its gardeners and labourers some twenty-five or thirty per cent. more than the market value of their work, which lavishes on the artisans whom it directly or indirectly employs wages almost more than their respective Trade-Unions had dared to ask for—this same Council, true to its democratic policy of refusing to recognize exceptional merit, whether of ability or of bravery, has been singularly niggardly in its treatment of its Fire Brigade staff. The Trade-Unions had no need to ask in order to have; the potentiality of their votes was sufficient; but the respectful application of the Fire Brigade for a reconsideration of their terms, whether of salary or of a pension, met in the first instance with a curt and point-blank refusal, followed, after further application, by a few small and grudging concessions. Then, again, every petty matter of daily routine—the repair of a fire-engine, it might be, or the condemnation of a parcel of worn-out stores—was reserved for the judgment of the Committee, and untold complications and delays, and worries and tangles of red tape, were thereby introduced.

And now we are told that, after four and a half years of this experience, the whole Brigade is in a state of profound discontent. The newspapers are writing as though the thing were something exceptional, and they point to the fact that the egregious Mr. Thornton is the Vice-Chairman of the Committee, as though that were sufficient to account for the whole affair. If this were so, the incident would be of but slight and temporary interest. But, in fact, the matter is of far deeper moment. The Fire Brigade fiasco is the most conspicuous evidence we have yet seen in England that government by Committee is hastening to its inevitable downfall. Let any one imagine to himself what the position of the County Council is. One hundred and nineteen persons are elected by the ratepayers (to ninety-nine out of a hundred of whom they are personally unknown) not because they have any experience in administration, but mainly because they are fluent speakers or violent partisans. Next, under the form of the election of aldermen, they take to themselves eighteen other politicians more fluent and more violent than themselves. The resultant one hundred and thirty-seven persons then proceed to divide themselves into twenty Committees, and to these Committees is entrusted the administration of the municipal affairs of London. Some few of these Committees may be fortunate enough to include in their number one member, or even two members, who have had experience in administration on a considerable scale—large employers of labour it may be, great landlords, or retired officers of the army or navy; and, if such men should be in the chair, and possess the tact to guide their colleagues, all may go well. But the bulk of the members have had no experience of managing any kind of staff, and, when men like this are set to the extremely difficult task of controlling a great organization like that of the London Fire Brigade, or the Parks, or the main-drainage system, what can be expected but

confusion, waste of money, and ultimately a break-down? It may possibly be said that the Committee are not expected to exercise executive authority; their function is only to supervise; the discipline and control of the staff are matters for the paid permanent official at the head of it. Undoubtedly this was the accepted theory at one time; but it is being abandoned everywhere under the influence of the working-class vote. The paid official is, more and more, becoming a mere subordinate to supervise the execution of the Committee's orders, and the progressive decrease in the importance of his position is marked more conspicuously every day by the refusal of London public bodies, in one instance after another, to pay to new officials the salaries which were received by their predecessors in office. The motive for this change is certainly not, in the main, economy. The refusal to pay such a salary as will command the service of a first-class man may be ascribed partly to the democratic theory that everybody is—or if not is, ought to be—just about as good as his neighbour, and partly to the deliberate intention to thrust into the background any one who has not received by popular election a direct mandate from the ratepayers. One very odd reason for the change of sentiment is frequently advanced. The rule of the permanent official, we are assured, means jobbery; the fact being that, not only in England, but in every other country, the jobbery is done by the elected politicians, and the permanent officials are comparatively, if not wholly, clean-handed.

As though administration by Committees of affairs as large as those of London were not sufficiently sure to break down by its own inherent weight, the County Council has gone out of its way to secure that its Committees shall be badly selected. In its early days it possessed a Selection Committee, chosen among its most discreet and experienced members; but the Selection Committee was soon swept away to make room for the frankly democratic expedient of the appointment of every member of every Committee by ballot of the whole Council. It would be difficult to imagine an expedient better suited to secure the survival of the unfittest. The most capable administrator as a rule is the man who speaks least and speaks most moderately; in other words, the man least likely to attract the attention of a large miscellaneous body. The natural result is to secure that, the more important the Committee, the larger percentage of Mr. Thorntons will be appointed to it—a result which, as has been said already, has been secured with singular success in the case of the Fire Brigade. It is evident, however, that, as was indeed proved by the debates on the subject in the beginning of 1892, whenever Lord Rosebery's influence failed to introduce urgently necessary reforms, the ordinary London County Councillor is entirely unaware that his methods of administration are practically unique. The late Metropolitan Board of Works, as has already been suggested, was, in the main, content with supervision, and left the actual administration to a staff of extremely capable officials. One department, indeed, was an exception to this rule. At its head was a man of great ability, but lacking in force of character and physical vigour. That department accordingly was subjected to Committee management, and thence resulted the scandals which brought the Board of Works to a premature and unhonoured end. If we examine the methods of governing bodies with a longer history, the same thing strikes us. The unreformed Corporations of the great towns were in the hands sometimes of an hereditary aristocracy; at other times of a strictly co-optative oligarchy. Even nowadays the great provincial municipalities are largely leavened by the presence of Aldermen, men usually of a superior position, great employers of labour, with experience of administration on a large scale in their own affairs, who are very generally chairmen of the more important Committees. The constitutional principle in England has always been that the people or their representatives criticize and control the Government rather than personally direct it. Take the highest instance of all, the Houses of Parliament. Indirectly the House of Commons can make and unmake Ministries; directly it cannot appoint its own doorkeeper. The government of the country is carried on by the Queen alone, through the agency of servants appointed solely by her. If we turn to the other extreme, we find that the humblest churchwarden, or way-warden, owes his position, indeed, to the free election of the parish meeting; but, once elected, his powers within the prescribed limits are almost autocratic. Take another instance of a very different kind.

When Poor-law Guardians were first appointed, shortly after the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832, it was carefully laid down that, though the Board of Guardians might do certain things, an individual Guardian was so entirely powerless that he could not enter his own workhouse without the permission of the workhouse master. Mr. Fowler, by the way, to prove his sturdy Radicalism, has recently rescinded this order, and a truly democratic Guardian has in consequence, on more than one occasion, disturbed the peaceful citizens of West Ham by arriving on a bicycle to inspect the workhouse in the small hours of the morning.

If from England we pass to foreign countries, the same thing meets us. In Berlin the actual government of the city is practically done by about a dozen Town-Councillors, who are appointed for ten years, and are handsomely paid to devote their whole time to the duties of their office. The Town Council, as a whole, does little but vote the annual budget. So, too, in Paris the Municipal Council talks much, and votes the money of the city with the most lavish generosity; but of executive power it has none whatever. It cannot appoint or dismiss a single official beyond its own clerks. The whole administration is in the hands of the Prefect of the Seine, an executive official appointed by the Central Government. America has carried the matter even further. Having tried government by Committees, and found it wanting in everything but jobbery, the American city follows the Brooklyn type, and appoints a mayor, who is a municipal despot with power to engage and dismiss every single official, to enter into contracts, and generally to conduct the government at his sole pleasure. Whether we in London are likely to go as far as Brooklyn remains to be seen. But one thing is certain—administration is a rare gift, and the management of an establishment such as that of the Fire Brigade requires the possession of that gift in a high degree. To suppose that it will be found in a majority of twelve persons, presumably with no previous experience, and elected on account of quite opposite qualities, is ludicrous. Londoners owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Thornton for pointing out this cardinal fact in such a manner that even the dullest wits can scarcely fail to apprehend it.

NINETEENTH CENTURY MANNERS.

IT is high time that the Editor of the *Nineteenth Century* should be made to understand that there is a limit to the offences against good manners in which the writers in his magazine can be permitted to indulge. During the past twelvemonth certain things have been included in the *Nineteenth Century* which are distasteful, and even painful, to many readers. In the November number we thought that the climax had come. We did not suppose that anything could exceed the nauseating tittle-tattle about Miss Clairmont indulged in by an American interviewer. We were mistaken; an article in the December number, in which Mr. Swinburne disports himself among his deceased contemporaries, under the pretence of writing "recollections of Professor Jowett," goes further still. We say, and with all gravity, that in the very least responsible journalism of this generation we have never met with anything quite so ill-bred as one or two paragraphs in Mr. Swinburne's article. They do small credit to the Editor of the review. "But that's not much." Mr. Swinburne is a very different person, and we propose to ourselves, at last, to speak the truth very plainly to that illustrious poet. When he writes so casually of Mr. Lowell's "hideous and Boetian jests," when he describes the amiability of a respected and valued man of letters as "instinctive time-serving and obsequious submissiveness," when he talks of Euripides as "the clumsiest of botchers that ever floundered through his work as a dramatist," he discredits himself by his foolish violence indeed; but when he goes on to call the late Rector of Lincoln "a typical and unmistakable ape of the Dead Sea," and when he insults the memory of the late Mr. Symonds with a string of vile epithets, he simply writes as no gentleman should write.

It is time that Mr. Swinburne should grow up. He has played for nearly half a century the rôle of the dear little naughty darling who must not be punished because he is so clever and so young. Years and years ago, when Mr. Swinburne first began to write, this plea was brought forward and accepted. "Isn't he clever?" people said; "and

so young." There was something in the excuse. He was daring and brilliant, and much was to be forgiven him. He said very rude things about Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Furnivall, and looked at some minute contemporaries under the microscope. Nobody cared; they were fair game; and so the habit of being rude grew on Mr. Swinburne. It was an evil day when he was allowed—a naughty little boy of thirty odd summers—to call Mr. Emerson "a hoary and now toothless ape." (To differ from Mr. Swinburne turns any one by that mere act into an ape.) He should have been well snubbed on that occasion, but then he was so young, and so clever. And he has gone on from bad to worse, increasing the shrill falsetto of his abuse, pouring it upon more and more distinguished reputations, until now we are waking up to perceive that Mr. Swinburne has not yet got over faults in manner which only extreme youth can excuse.

What makes it peculiarly painful to us to have to say this is that we admire the genius of Mr. Swinburne, and that we are not often out of sympathy with the aversions that he expresses. But who can admire the violence of his diction, the absence of anything like moderation in his utterances? We hold no brief here for Mr. Mark Pattison, who, perhaps, had shortcomings; but if anything would make us his fervent apologists, it would be Mr. Swinburne yelling and snarling at him as an "ape of the Dead Sea." We were no admirers of the too morbid tendency of certain of the writings of Mr. Symonds, but we said so while he was alive, and we did not wait, as Mr. Swinburne has done, until he is dead, and it is quite safe to insult him. But Mr. Swinburne is such a *preux chevalier*.

One last word to Mr. Swinburne. No man of letters of our generation has been treated so tenderly, indulged so much, or forgiven so often as he has been. His genius is unquestionable, and on the score of it he has been pardoned faults for which any other writer would be ostracized. But the public patience may become exhausted. And literature has a long memory.

THE CATTLE SHOW.

THE number of animals exhibited at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, this year is the largest that has ever been present. A couple of times there have been more cattle, and once or twice there have been also more sheep; but adding cattle and sheep together they exceed in number those of any other year, while the excess becomes very marked when we add pigs, the number of pigs exhibited this year being exceptionally large. It will be in the recollection of our readers that the attendance at the Norwich Show—the first of the great Christmas Cattle Shows—was also remarkably large, the number of cattle, for instance, exceeding that of last year by twenty-five. At Birmingham, which comes just between the Norwich and the Islington Shows, the attendance was not quite up to the usual level, but that was mainly because this year the old classes for oxen of pure breed have been abolished. Last year the attendance in those classes was about fifteen, and as the classes are abolished, it is not surprising that there should be some falling off in numbers. With that exception, however, the attendance at Birmingham was remarkably good. It is, perhaps, a matter of course that such large entrances at the three great Shows should attract much attention at a time when agricultural depression has lasted so long, especially as the depression has been heightened this year by the long drought. It is sometimes insinuated that if the feeding of cattle were so difficult and costly this year, as it is often represented to be, there would be more evidence of the fact in the three great Shows. But it need hardly be pointed out that exhibitors at cattle Shows very rarely are of the ordinary farming class. They are wealthy people, who are very little affected by good years or bad. What the increasing attendance at the Shows really does point to in connexion with the agricultural depression is, that land is passing more and more every year into the hands of the great proprietors. Fewer farmers are willing to risk the seasons now that the depression has lasted so long, and they are retiring from the struggle. The landowners are taking up the land either because they do not find satisfactory successors to the retiring farmers, or because they are convinced that they themselves can manage better than the ordinary farmer. The large landowners, as a matter of course, when once

they become interested in cattle-breeding and cattle-feeding, turn their attention to the cattle Shows; and, so far from its being a matter of surprise, if one will consider it seriously, it is almost a matter of course that the attendance at the Show should grow the longer the depression lasts. The number of cattle entered this year is 310, of sheep 217, and pigs 107; making a grand total of 634. And as the exhibition is the largest, so it is one of the best that has ever been held during the ninety-five years the Smithfield Club has now been in existence. There is, taking all the breeds, a high level of excellence which has seldom been reached. Of the eleven breeds of cattle, five show a very considerable increase in numbers—the Cross-breeds, the Devons, Scotch Polls, Shorthorns, and Red Polls. The Devons, which come first in the catalogue, are exceedingly good; the Herefords are quite up to average, and the Shorthorns are of a very high standard. But of all breeds, that which undoubtedly stands foremost is the Aberdeen Angus. It contains the champion animal at Islington and also the champion animal at Birmingham and Norwich; while, apart from these two beasts, there is a remarkably high level of excellence all through the breed.

The interest in the selection of the champion beast in the Show was somewhat lessened because the animal which had carried off all the honours both at Norwich and Birmingham was incapacitated from competing at the Agricultural Hall. She is only 2 years 9 months and 3 weeks old, and she weighs 17 cwt. She is a beautiful Aberdeen Angus heifer, named "Bridesmaid of Benton," and was bred and fed by the exhibitor, Mr. Clement Stephenson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. She carried off everything, as already said, both at Norwich and Birmingham; but, as she won the first prize in her class at the Smithfield Show last year, she was incapacitated from competing again. Could she have entered into the competition, she would undoubtedly have been first favourite. It may be mentioned that her owner, Mr. Clement Stephenson, has now won the Elkington Challenge Cup at Birmingham three years in succession, and thus becomes its absolute owner. At the last moment, however, interest was quickened because it was found that an animal would be entered for this competition which had not been exhibited at any English show previously, and was exceedingly likely to carry off the honours. It turned out that she actually did win the Championship. She also is a very beautiful Aberdeen Angus heifer, called "Pride of the Highlands," and was bred and fed by Mr. James Douglas Fletcher, of Rosehaugh, Inverness. She won the prize at the local show held at Inverness last week, and was sent direct from there to Islington. Two Aberdeen Angus heifers have thus this year carried off all the honours at the three great Christmas Shows—Norwich, Birmingham, and Islington. The Queen sends from Windsor twelve entries in the cattle classes, and she won five first prizes, four second prizes, one fourth prize, and a "Reserve" card with "high commendation." In addition, the Queen takes the Breed Cup for the best Shorthorn, as well as the 50*l.* Silver Cup for the best steer in the Show. The Prince of Wales this year exhibited eight animals. He wins four first prizes, one second prize, and two "Reserve" cards. The Prince also wins the Breed Cup for the best animal in the Kerry and Dexter and small-cattle classes, and with his South Down wethers wins, not only first prize and the South Down Breed Cup, but is placed in "Reserve" for the Champion Plate and the Shorthorn prize. As usually happens, very many of the awards made at Birmingham a week previously have been reversed at Islington. In the case of the Championship, it is not possible to say whether opinion in London would have coincided with that in Birmingham, but certainly it is surprising that so much difference should exist amongst the judges. When one knows in how many cases the decisions in Birmingham have been reversed, it would almost appear as if entirely different principles had been adopted. It is rather puzzling to exhibitors to see such differences; and we would suggest that either some common principle should be adopted, or that some explanation should be given of the reasons which lead to such different results. Differences of opinion will, of course, always exist, and cannot be entirely guarded against; but at least an attempt to maintain uniformity ought to be made, if it were only to serve as a guide for exhibitors.

As stated above, the sheep entrances are the largest of any year except one, 1890. Then 224 pens were entered, while the number of pens this year is only 217. But the

number is considerably larger than in any other year, and the sheep themselves are excellent, more especially the short-wool breeds. Mr. Craddock, of Eastington, Gloucestershire, with a pen of Cotswold lambs aged nine months and three weeks, and weighing 6 cwt. 1 qr. 13 lbs., won the first prize, the Breed Cup, and the Championship of the long-wools. The lambs were certainly splendid animals. In Hampshire Mr. W. Newton, of Crommarsh Battle, Wallingford, for the third year in succession, carried off the chief honours. He won the first prize for wethers, ewes, and lambs; he won the third prize for lambs, and with a very beautiful pen of lambs, aged ten months and two weeks, and weighing 5 cwt. 3 qrs. 19 lbs., won besides the Breed Cup and the Champion Plate of 30*l.* for the best pen of short-wools. In Suffolk Mr. Joseph Smith, of Walton, this year, like last, carried off all the three first prizes. The Prince of Wales, in the South Downs, won the first prize for wethers and the Breed Cup; he got "highly commended" for a second pen, and he won the first prize in the ewe class and a second prize in the lamb class. For the fifth year in succession Berkshire pigs carried off the Champion Plates, both for pens of two pigs and for single pigs. Mr. Lywood, of Warwick, Hants, won first prize in the older class, the Breed Cup, and the Champion Plate, with a capital couple of pigs. Mr. G. Wood won the Champion Plate for single pigs. The Duke of York showed two pens, and was "highly commended" for one. Altogether, pigs were very well represented; as stated above, the numbers were exceptionally large.

SWORDS AT MANCHESTER.

THE Volunteer Officers' Association at Manchester, comprising, as it does, nearly two hundred officers of regiments belonging to the city and the surrounding districts, is an important Society, whose objects are partly to form a social rendezvous for officers of the various corps, to afford opportunities for the discussion of questions pertaining to Volunteers that may not be contrary to the spirit of military discipline, and for the instruction of young officers in their duties, and in the study of tactics and other military subjects. The Council further "seek to interest officers generally in a duty to which no very great attention has hitherto been paid, that of an officer's means of defence in his sword"; and, having this in view, they invited Captain Alfred Hutton to deliver an address on the subject at the opening of their present session. He, however, with the large experience he has had in such matters, deprecated the idea of a mere dry lecture, and suggested an entertainment somewhat similar to Mr. Egerton Castle's now historic "Story of Swordsmanship" at the Lyceum Theatre in 1891, relying, with good reason, for the didactic portion, on the assistance of the cream of the School of Arms of the London Rifle Brigade, with which he has been honorarily connected for some years. The entertainment which took place last Saturday in the "Gentlemen's Concert Hall" assumed the aspect of an important function.

In the paper read by Captain Hutton, his arguments were devoted almost entirely to impressing on his audience the necessity of teaching the use of the sword to young people, or at least to such of them as are destined by their parents for a military career; he complained of the apathy of most of the large schools, and also of those who control our competitive examinations, but he blamed the indifference of the parents more than either, and he gave an instance of one very important school with an army class of something like one hundred boys, only one of whom very lately was learning to fence at all, and this was not in any way the fault of the school, because a very excellent master was in attendance twice a week, and any boy could learn whose parents chose to have him taught; but ninety-nine out of a hundred of those parents ignored the matter altogether.

The lecturer passed on to a description of the various combats about to be played by members of the L.R.B., such as the Two-hand Sword, the Broadsword and Buckler, the Italian Rapier and Dagger, and the gracefully picturesque "Case of Rapiers"; and he made considerable reference to the famous "Maestro Generale Achille Marozzo," from whose anything but easy work most of the old fencing has been derived. He took occasion to fire a flying shot at those "ultra-practical people" who are in-

clined to sneer at this Old Swordplay, saying that it is of no use, whereas the London Rifle Brigade find it extremely useful in increasing immensely the interest in the work of the fencing-room. And he had a word to say to the folk who make out that fencing is very difficult to learn; pointing out that, with the exception of two of the officers, the performers were boys in their teens, and yet that they were in the constant habit of teaching their various feats of arms to others in their school; and he was certainly corroborated by their performances in the "Séance d'Armes" which brought the entertainment to a conclusion.

SCHUMANN'S GENOVEVA.

THE Royal College of Music is rapidly gaining a reputation for the production of interesting operas which are seldom or never heard in this country. Cherubini's *Water Carrier*, Cornelius's *Barber of Bagdad*, Goetz's *Taming of the Shrew*, and Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, which have been played in past years by the students, were followed last Wednesday by a work of even greater interest to musicians—namely, Schumann's *Genoveva*—the only attempt of the composer at operatic writing. Originally produced at Leipzig in 1850, it has from time to time been heard in Germany, and, though always received with the respect and interest which the composer's name could not fail to command, it has never succeeded in gaining a firm footing on the operatic stage. The reason for this is not far to seek. In the first place, the libretto, though not wanting in interest and literary merit, is constructed with an extraordinary disregard of stage-effect. The action, though aiming at more dramatic consistency than was usual in the operas of the day, constantly halts and is encumbered by superfluities, and what should be one of the most important characters of the drama—the part of Golo—is so inconsistent that it seems impossible to know whether he is to be considered as the villain he undoubtedly is, or as a mere weak being led astray by his foster-mother and the force of passion. These defects are, moreover, emphasized by the music which Schumann set to the libretto. His aims were obviously in the right direction. He intended to avoid the trickiness and theatricality of the French school, and to attain something like the continuity which Wagner was striving after in his second style. But Schumann reckoned in this case without rightly estimating his own powers, and the force of his genius—so essentially lyrical in its disposition—was too strong for him. In avoiding full closes, and treating the recitative as an integral part of the musical illustration of the drama, in his deliberate disregard of climax and of mere stage-effect, he fell into the opposite fault, and succeeded in being only monotonous where he should have been dramatic. His aims, so to speak, are always apparent, and he is continually stopping the inclination of his natural bent for the sake of the principles he had set before him.

Besides this, he displays, in *Genoveva*, a singular want of power in musical characterization. Golo, Genoveva, Siegfried, and Margarethé sing exactly the same kind of music—often beautiful intrinsically, but absolutely undramatic in style, and unsuited to convey to the audience any idea of the contrast which should mark the four leading characters of the play. Even this defect might have been neutralized if the composer had been a great master of orchestration; but this precisely was Schumann's weak point, and the orchestration throughout the opera is singularly colourless, and wanting in characterization. *Genoveva* teems with beautiful music; but it is not, and can never be, a good opera, and while the musician will always listen to it with interest, it does not possess the germs of vitality and the power of appealing to a mixed audience which alone can secure permanent success on the operatic stage. In the history of opera it must remain isolated; an interesting attempt in a right direction by a man of immense genius, but of limited powers. The defects which have been briefly pointed out stand seriously in the way of a satisfactory performance under any conditions; but they were such as might well have appeared insuperable in bringing forward the work by artists of no experience. The credit is, therefore, all the greater to Professor Stanford, and those who worked with him, for securing even so good a result as was attained last Wednesday. The earnestness and painstaking of all concerned, from the principals down to the chorus and

orchestra, deserve unstinted praise. Blemishes were, under the conditions, inevitable; for the materials at command in a school like the Royal College cannot always be sufficient for so weighty a task as the performance of a difficult opera on a large stage like that of Drury Lane. The Genoveva of Miss Bruckshaw, the Siegfried of Mr. Archdeacon, and the Drago of Mr. Maynard, all showed various degrees of promise, while the Margarethe of Miss Lunn approached occasionally an even higher standard of excellence, and showed throughout a strong feeling for dramatic singing, which only requires further study to bear rich fruit. The least successful of the principal singers was Mr. William Green; but in his favour it should be remembered that, as Golo, he had by far the most difficult task to accomplish, and it would be hard to name a tenor now before the public who could entirely succeed in so thankless a part. The chorus sang well, but was hardly strong enough, particularly in the beautiful March at the end of the first act; and the orchestra, setting aside a few slips, played with an amount of care and enthusiasm which deserves every praise. The staging showed intelligence and a commendable disregard of the traditions of Italian opera, and the whole performance was conducted by Professor Stanford with a skill which does him infinite credit.

PICTURE GALLERIES.

THE Exhibition in Pall Mall East of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours contains much work that is accomplished, and not a little that may be regarded as evidence of the inheritance of the masters of English water-colour art, modified by individual conviction and expression, yet decidedly eloquent of the influences of the historic past. This impression of historic continuity, a kind of true succession, is nowhere so strongly manifested as a vital and national characteristic as in the Exhibition of the "Old" Water-Colour Society. Since there are masters there must needs be schools, and while the traditions of the elders have prevailed in the schools, there has ever been among the masters themselves an interchange of influence, unconscious or active. A representative collection of English water-colours might be so arranged as to be independent of the written record of the critical historian, and, indeed, render such commentary superfluous, so completely might it reveal the whole evolution of the art. It is interesting to note at the Society's Exhibition drawings that, in various directions, are suggestive of the example of Girtin, Turner, De Wint, Barret, and others. These influences are to be traced in certain of the "sketches and studies," to adopt the official description of the Exhibition, though sketches and studies do not entirely monopolize the walls and screens of the Gallery. There are some few instances of picture-making, more elaborate in scheme, and projected on a larger scale of presentation, than were formerly considered proper to drawings in water-colour. Mr. J. H. Henshall shows a scene from *Adam Bede* (253)—the prison scene, and a somewhat luxurious chamber—which has qualities of tone and colour that charm the trained eye, and are, indeed, very admirable; yet, with all the skill and learning of the artist, the picture is far from being impressive. Painters who take up drama and poetry often appear to be more intent on a telling label for their work than inspired by an imaginative *motif* that "possesses" them. Thus in the large drawing by Mr. E. R. Hughes (30) there is no apprehension whatever of the poetic conception which, according to the Catalogue, moved the artist to design this clever and singular example of decorative art. "The thin dead body" of Miss Rossetti's poem, "which waits the eternal term," and is so fearful a circumstance in the ballad, has nothing of mystery or horror in its aspect, as Mr. Hughes here presents it, on a scale that is almost life-size. There is much more of poetic feeling in landscape studies than in such realistic treatment of themes borrowed from literature, as is agreeably shown in certain drawings by Mr. Albert Goodwin, Mr. Alfred Hunt, Mr. Matthew Hale, Sir F. Powell, Mr. T. Waite, and others. Mr. Goodwin is represented by several notable examples. Masterly both in the draughtsmanship and the truth and subtlety of record are the "Whitby Abbey" (13), the Turneresque study of Siena and its walls (209)—in the intense sunlight of morn, and the wonderful study of twilight, "Oxford from Magdalen

Tower" (154), perhaps the finest of the artist's beautiful drawings of the city, and a singularly impressive study of the last mysterious hour of twilight. Mr. Alfred Hunt's "Whitby" (180), if less poetic—we would not say more prosaic—than Mr. Goodwin's, has its own measure of charm, the charm that will be found abiding by all with eyes to appreciate its force and simplicity of treatment, though some may prefer the artist's rendering of a wilder scene and a more tempestuous mood of Nature in the "Carnedd Dafydd" (145).

Mr. T. Waite is still inspired by the land of spacious meadows and trackless downs, and still recalls something of the style of De Wint and the charm of Copley Fielding in "Salvington, Sussex" (91), "Haymaking at Findon" (109), and "The South Downs" (13); though in these, his larger drawings, we note, as in previous exhibitions, less individuality than in his smaller drawings, such as the delightful "Aldborough" (309). Of Mr. Matthew Hale's always noteworthy work we must instance the "Bristol Cathedral" (18), a sketch of old houses crowned by the Cathedral, taken from the river-side, which has the interest of accurate topographical observation and the charm of deft craftsmanship. We have seen more pleasing drawings by Mr. R. W. Allan than "Going to Market" (45), where loose handling is carried to an extreme; and the figures appear not enveloped by atmosphere, but cut out from it. Mr. Walter Field shows better work than we have yet seen from him. His drawing of meadowland and of a spacious sky flecked with the clouds that portend wind (113), albeit on a scale needlessly large, reveals an excellent observation of Nature and close, yet unlaboured, fruits of study. Too large, again, for true effect and concentration is Mr. E. K. Johnson's "Early Morning in June" (127), an old garden rich with many-coloured flowers, set about with tall elms. This distracting work is wanting in the attraction that belongs to Mr. Ernest Waterlow's admirable little drawing, "The Old Home" (212). Mr. Burne Jones exhibits various studies for paintings—a "Head" for the "Perseus" (235)—with other portrait studies, among which are an extremely beautiful "Study for the Virgin" (239), and a graceful "Study of a Girl" (242). Space allows us the mention only of the delightful drawings of birds by Mr. H. S. Marks—the Cockatoo of No. 108 must be named as a masterpiece; Mr. Herbert Marshall's capital "Edinburgh" (201), a transcript worthy of the scene; Mr. Robert Little's clever note of the Jubilee Procession (255); Mr. E. A. Goodall's sensitive record of Venetian moonlight (357); Mr. Napier Hemy's vigorous marine sketches (27 and 43); and Mr. Henshall's "An Old Story" (348).

At the Japanese Gallery, 28 New Bond Street, there is on view a new and, it is said, a final series of landscape sketches of Eastern subjects by Mr. John Varley, the fruits of the artist's recent tour in India. They represent chiefly scenes in Western and Central India. Many of the most interesting examples are inspired by the picturesque Nerbudda Valley from Jubbulpore northward—such as the admirable drawings, "The Falls of the Nerbudda" (71), "Jubbulpore" (28), and "The White Marble Gorges of the Nerbudda" (29). The cities of Agra, with the Taj Mahal—that building which Fergusson esteemed unapproached among the beautiful buildings of the world—and of Delhi, with its neighbourhood, supply Mr. Varley with numerous subjects for his excellent method and unerring sense of the picturesque. The exhibition will well repay the study of those who know India, and of those for whom India is still "the East" and the land of mystery.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE sensitiveness which has prevailed in the money market for so long a time still continues. Rates rise and fall with bewildering rapidity. At one moment it is difficult to borrow on any terms; a day or two later bankers complain that they cannot get anything for their money. Last week, for example, the bill-brokers and discount houses put up the rates on short loans, while they borrowed a very large amount at the Bank of England. For a considerable part of it—for over a million, it is said—they paid as much as 3½ per cent.; that is, ½ per cent. above Bank-rate. Early this week the rate declined to very little over 2 per cent., and bankers complained that they could not

dispose of their funds, while there was a good deal of speculation as to whether the Bank will not find it necessary to lower its rate of discount even before Christmas. Since, there has been another change. All this is the result of the distrust that has prevailed so long. The supply of loanable capital in the market is really not large—not very much more than is sufficient to supply the demand on reasonable terms. Whenever, therefore, bankers become in the least apprehensive—think it necessary, that is, to accumulate a larger reserve than they hold already—borrowers find that they have to go to the Bank of England to obtain accommodation. The instant, on the other hand, that bankers begin to lend freely, rates go down. Thus the sensitiveness is, in its essence, evidence that the distrust that has lasted so long is not yet quite at an end, that neither bankers nor their customers have quite recovered confidence, and that every now and then they act without due consideration. But at the same time the distrust is being dissipated. It is nothing like as great as it was a little while ago; indeed, so far as our own market is concerned, it is now mainly kept alive by the Trust crisis. The Trusts, however, though their difficulties are of serious importance to Trust shareholders and other persons to whom they are indebted, are not of very serious consequence to the general market. Another cause of the sensitiveness that has existed so long is the steady demand for gold for the Continent. Just as the several Continental Governments are endeavouring to increase and improve their military armaments, so they take every opportunity to add to the gold reserves which will be available when war breaks out. Russia, as we all know, has taken advantage of the friendliness of French investors to accumulate an immense gold reserve. All the other great military Governments are following the example of Russia, though in a much more moderate manner. A third cause of the sensitiveness is the fear that the United States Government may borrow in London, and may take away a large amount of gold. That President Cleveland will require to borrow seems certain. He admits himself, in his Message to Congress, that there will be probably a deficit this year of not much less than six millions sterling. But it by no means follows that he will borrow in London; certainly he could borrow with much greater advantage at home. And his Message rather leads us to think that he will borrow at home. He points out that the existing laws regulating the borrowing powers of the Government are not as clear as they ought to be, and are not as advantageous to the Government; in other words, the usual interpretation of the existing law is that the Government may borrow whatever sums are required to maintain the convertibility of the Government's paper, but that it must borrow in bonds bearing a four per cent. rate of interest. But quite probably the President has not made up his mind as yet either as to where or how he will borrow. All that seems clear is, that he wants a loan. For the moment, then, the dread of an American loan need not very much trouble our money market. Whether the Bank of England rate will be reduced or not, it is very probable that money will become exceedingly cheap early in the new year. There are signs of a gradual and slow improvement in trade; and there are also signs that investors are plucking up courage. But there is not likely, for all that, to be such an increase either in trade or in new issues as will very much disturb the money market for many months to come. Just immediately the India Council, not having been able to sell its bills and telegraphic transfers as freely as it had hoped, is obliged to borrow another million and a half sterling in six months bills. That may probably absorb the excess money in the market, and prevent any change in rates. But as soon as Christmas is over there is every reason to expect that the supply of money in the market will become very large, and that rates will fall and will remain low for a considerable time—unless, of course, political anxieties on the Continent should increase.

As pointed out above, the value of money tended rapidly downwards early in the week; but since there has been a marked recovery. The rate of discount in the open market, for example, which had fallen to about $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., has recovered to about $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and bill-brokers since in many cases have asked, though not often with success, even higher rates. As explained above, the rapid movements that take place are mainly due to the uneasiness that prevails. But there is this further cause in operation, that last week a very considerable amount was borrowed from the Bank of England, and the addition so made to the funds in

the open market not unnaturally lowered rates. This week the money has had to be paid back, and equally naturally that has raised rates. Then the borrowing by the India Council has, as a matter of course, had a considerable influence upon the market.

The India Council on Wednesday offered for tender 50 lakhs of rupees in bills and telegraphic transfers, and less than half a lakh was applied for. During the week the whole of the sales effected by the Council did not bring in 66,000*l.*, and from the 1st of April to Tuesday night the Council obtained by the sale of its drafts less than $6\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling. Thus, as already said, it has raised by the sale of its drafts less than $6\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling, more than eight out of the twelve months having elapsed. Some little time ago the Council borrowed upon Debentures somewhat over a million and a quarter sterling. Later still it borrowed upon six months bills 2 millions sterling, and now it is borrowing a million and a half sterling. Its total borrowings, therefore, during the current year amount up to the present to $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling, and the sales have brought in less than $6\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling. Thus the total receipts from sales and loans amount to only about $11\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling. Considerably less than four months of the year remain, and there are about $7\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling to raise somehow. It is not surprising, therefore, that the market is looking for a good deal more borrowing. There is a good demand for silver for India and the Far East generally, and the price recovered on Wednesday to $32\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* per oz.

The attempt made in New York last week to put up prices in the hope of attracting the general public has broken down already, as every competent observer was prepared to find. As matters stand it is impossible to get up a sustained speculation in the United States. The liquidation of bad business has only begun, and it will have to be carried on for a considerable time yet. This is evident, amongst other things, from the rumours respecting the financial difficulties of the Atchison Railroad Company. The existence of such difficulties is contradicted by the President, and in one sense the contradiction may be quite accurate. It may be quite true that there is no danger of the appointment of Receivers. But that the Company is in financial difficulties is notorious—indeed, has been notorious for many months. While the crisis was at its height the breakdown of the Atchison and of the Union Pacific was confidently expected. The Union Pacific has broken down. The Atchison so far has tided over its difficulties, and for anything we know to the contrary may succeed in pulling through ultimately. It is quite probable, as the President says, that the rumours circulated in New York are grossly, and in some cases even maliciously, exaggerated; but that there is a basis for the rumours is beyond dispute. And what is true of certain railroad Companies is true in many other directions. There are financial difficulties, there is a lock-up of capital, and there will have to be a long-continued liquidation. Besides this, President Cleveland in his Message makes it perfectly clear that he means to push the reform of the Tariff with as much energy and determination as he pushed the repeal of the Sherman Act. That being so, it is only too probable that Congress will be occupied throughout the greater part of next year in the discussion. And while uncertainty continues as to what is to be the commercial policy of the United States it is folly to expect active stock markets. But while the public ought to shut its ears resolutely against all designs to induce it to engage in speculation, there are very favourable opportunities for safe investment in good bonds, if proper care is taken in selecting the bonds. The delay of the Argentine Congress in confirming the settlement of the debt agreed upon between the Government and the Rothschild Committee is also depressing markets, and so are the railway traffic returns. Some of them fail to show that improvement which was so generally expected from the end of the coal strike. The Stock Exchange, however, is too impatient. It does not allow sufficient time for the repairs and preparations certain to have been necessary after so long a stoppage of work. Upon the Continent the Bourses are wonderfully steady, considering all the circumstances. But matters look unpromising as regards Greece, Spain, and Italy. It is said that the great Paris bankers are resolved upon financing Spain whatever it may cost. If so, they may be able to bolster up Spanish credit, as they have succeeded in bolstering up Russian credit; but

that does not alter the fact that the Spanish finances are in a very bad state. And there is just as little improvement in Italy as in Spain.

Though in nearly every direction prices have reacted after the recent strength which culminated on Saturday of last week, the most noticeable movements in the market have been in the American department, in Mexican Government issues, and in Peruvian Corporation bonds. Consols, which closed at 98½, are about ½ lower than on Thursday of last week. Indian sterling issues are practically unaltered. Colonial Inscribed stocks are, to a small extent, higher—only fractionally so. The Home Railway department has been extremely sluggish. Scotch descriptions are a little better, on more hopeful views respecting the settlement of the strike. Southern issues have been unsettled, yet on balance the changes, compared with a week ago, in the Deferred stocks do not exceed ½ to ¾. London and North-Western stock closed on Thursday at 165½, or the same as on Thursday of last week. In the foreign department the leading feature has been a rise in Spanish bonds, which have touched 63½; on Thursday of last week the price was 61 only. Russian have risen to 101. Italian improved to 81½, or ¾ higher than on the preceding Thursday. Greek have relapsed heavily. The Four per Cent. Rente is 3½ down, and the Five per Cents have fallen 4 for the week. Turkish and Egyptian issues continue firm, and some Turkish issues have touched the best quotations ever recorded. Brazilians have improved, and there is a further rise in Chilians, which are 91, or 2 higher than a week ago. Mexican Sterling bonds have fallen back to 65½, or 4 lower than a week ago. Peruvian Corporation bonds at 54 are 1½ down from the closing price on the preceding Thursday. The most considerable movement in the American market has been in Atchison. The Four per Cent. Gold bonds have fallen to 73, or 3½ lower, and the shares to 19½, or 1½ down. Milwaukeees have declined about 2; Louisvilles and Unions have risen to a small fractional extent. Erie Second Mortgage bonds closed on Thursday at 78, a fall of 2 compared with the preceding Thursday. Grand Trunk of Canada descriptions have further relapsed; Guarantees are down to 62½. Mexican Railways have risen during the week, but have reacted from the best, though they still closed from ½ to 1½ above last week's prices. A large speculation has been carried on in Allsopp's Brewery, the Ordinary rising to over 54, afterwards declining to about 50. Trust stocks have rallied after their recent great decline.

THE THEATRES.

SINCE it was resolved to withdraw *The Tempter* from the Haymarket at a comparatively early date, it can hardly be doubted that Mr. Tree exercised a wise discretion in reviving *Captain Swift* in its place, pending the preparations for producing Mr. Robert Buchanan's drama, *The Charlatan*. Whatever may be the faults of Mr. Haddon Chambers's artificial, but on the whole interesting and well-constructed, play, it is evident that in Wilding, the returned bushranger, Mr. Tree has found a part which suits his powers better, perhaps, than anything he has yet attempted out of the direct line of character-parts. To those who object that he has not made the felon-hero sufficiently Orsonish the answer is obvious. The man has travelled much, has probably mixed a great deal among people of widely differing positions in life, and possesses that power, much more frequently found in women than in men, of rapid adaptation to any surroundings. Moreover, Mr. Tree has been careful to make him not quite a gentleman, and this part of his work the actor has done with rare subtlety and skill. Wilding's get-up is irreproachable—suspiciously so—and his politeness is invested with an admirable touch of exaggeration. His original rudeness to Gardiner is, of course, partly born of fear, but there is the *gaucherie* of the *parvenu* added. His treatment of Marshall, prompted by the same fear, savours rather of the insolence of one but newly used to command than of the accustomed dignity of demeanour of a gentleman towards his host's servants; and the uneasiness of his assumed nonchalance in the quarrel with young Seabrook is also finely marked. It might

reasonably be objected that not quite tenderness enough is apparent in the bushranger's treatment of his mother, and certainly the part would gain in sympathy by an increase in demonstrated filial affection. Take it all round, however, this is an extremely fascinating performance, and shows what Mr. Tree can do with a semi-romantic part if he likes. Nothing more can or need be said of Mr. Macklin's Gardiner but that it was a repetition of his earlier admirably sound and impressive rendering of the Queensland squatter. Mrs. Tree is again the simple, pathetic Stella that she was on former occasions; Miss Irene Vanbrugh was an arch and captivating Mabel; and Mr. Kemble resumed his original gentle and touching impersonation of old Mr. Seabrook. There are some changes in the cast, but they do not call for commendatory notice.

A second and closer acquaintance with *Under the Clock* at the Court Theatre—the *revue* which is the joint work of Mr. Brookfield and Mr. Hicks—goes far to confirm our first impressions of the piece. The play goes as briskly as ever, and the mimicry and caricature have, if possible, improved in accuracy and pungency. The music is in every way worthy of the dialogue, the first duet between Mr. Brookfield and Mr. Hicks and "Travellers' Tales," a song of Miss Lottie Venne's, being especially good. Miss Maude Wilmot dances very prettily, and is very well supported by Mr. Hicks and Mr. Nainby, while Mr. Brookfield's imitation of Mr. Tree, as the Tempter, was as keen as ever, with new touches of excellence. Of the others, Mr. Hicks was, perhaps, happiest in his imitations of Mr. Irving and Mr. Wyndham; while Miss Lottie Venne was at her best as the Second Mrs. Tanqueray, and in her imitation of Miss Julia Neilson. The Devil's Song, with its chorus from "The Whistling Coon," seems to gain in originality and piquancy, and the shipwreck scene on the table is excellent, though the stage is a little too dark. We should like, perhaps, to see more of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson, whose sudden appearance at the end is a pleasing surprise; for in the intricacies of the brilliant travestie the original characters are almost lost sight of. But after an evening spent at the Court we feel very much inclined to say of Mr. Brookfield and Mr. Hicks, in the words of the song, "Well, these are original men!"

TO LABBYLOBENGULACHERE.

"On Saturday afternoon it was our painful duty to record that a force of 'burghers' from Fort Victoria had been ordered by Mr. Rhodes to seize from the brave and virtuous Matabele some of their personal property. We shudder to state that the burghers obeyed these orders, and did actually go and forcibly deprive the Matabele of their possessions. When we add that the possessions in question consisted of several hundred head of captured Mashona women and children, whom the Matabele were peacefully carrying off to their own happy kraals, the unscrupulous conduct of the burghers will be more apparent."—*St. James's Gazette*.]

HEARD you not that horrid rumour,
Grateful to the savage humour
Of the British news-consumer?
Heard you not? or don't you care?
Trusted friend of Labbygula,
That benign, pacific rulah
Of your special "Borriboola,"
Philanthropic Lobenchere!

Heard you not what that marauder,
That land-grabbing tribe-defrauder,
Cecil Rhodes's base applauder,
Has been up to, over there?
How the gentle Matabele
Cannot bag Mashonas freely,
But with rifle or with steel he
Pots or pinks him, Lobenchere.

If he kidnapped those Mashona,
Isn't he their lawful ownah?
Aren't they Labbychula's *bona*
Et catalla? Is it fair,
Just because they'd not been bartered,
That their captors should be martyred
By the ruffians of the "Chartered"?
Rise, O rise, Lobengulere!

Rise, or men will ask in wonder
 "Does he fear he's made a blunder?
 Are not massacre and plunder
 Names for Britain everywhere?
 Does he think the charge ill-founded,
 Which he once held amply grounded,
 That we shoot and stab the wounded?"
 Do you think so, Lobenchere!

Nay, the vileness of the Briton
 Must be much too deeply written
 On the tablets acid-bitten
 Of the British heart you bear;
 Demonstration's utmost rigour
 Could not in your mind disfigure
 Any kind of hostile nigger—
 Well we know it, Lobenchere.

Rise, then! What intimidates you?
 Rise! Your sable pal awaits you;
 In yourself a host he rates you,
 And, indeed, we're quite aware—
 Though your case be lame and "limpy,"
 Meagre, flimsy, scant and skimpy—
 That you are a perfect impi,
 Labbylobengulachere!

REVIEWS.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH IN THE MIDDLE AGES.*

THE book translated by Mr. Rutherford is a portion of the well-known "Sammlung theologischer Lehrbücher," published at Freiburg under the editorship of Holzmann, Harnack, Krauss, Lipsius, and a band of eminent modern scholars, some of whom, including Dr. Moeller, have died before the completion of the series. The present translation represents Parts I. and II. of the second volume of Moeller's work, *Das Mittelalter*, which appeared two years ago, and was welcomed with a singularly unanimous chorus of praise by the best literary organs in Germany. The common aim of all the contributors to this series was the compression of the latest results of scholarship, in every branch of theological science, into the smallest possible space. This aim has perhaps never been more effectually attained than it is in their valuable and suggestive *Hand-Commentär zum Neuen Testament*, the work of several hands, every page of which bristles with somewhat confusing abbreviations.

A shorthand of this sort cannot be quite so readily accommodated to historical narrative as it can to Biblical criticism, where it has long been more or less in use. De Wette was a great adept at such abbreviation, but his range of materials was less extensive and perplexing than that over which the later commentators and historians have to travel. Dr. Moeller's prefatory "Sigla der Abkürzungen" show that the historian did his utmost to keep at a level with his exegetical colleagues. Thus "K.L." stands for the second edition of the Wetzer and Wette Roman Catholic *Kirchenlexicon*, now in course of publication, while "R.L." represents the second edition of the Protestant *Real-Encyclopädie* of Herzog, Plitt, and Hauck. Only the full scholar, who is incessantly busy at accumulation, knows how hard it is to compress. The superficial man, on the contrary, is mainly anxious how to expand his little knowledge, so as to make it look much. We can honestly say, after repeated consultations of Dr. Moeller's work, that we know of no earlier handbook of mediæval Church history in which fulness and pithiness have been so successfully and so readably combined, or in which so much is so adequately said in so few words. We have naturally tested him by his two more immediate predecessors, Hase and Kurtz, both of whom were remarkably thorough and conscientious in every detail of their work. The late Karl von Hase's half-century of labour in that province is regarded in Germany as "epochemachend," and Moeller is certainly indebted to him. But Hase is more diffuse, while Kurtz, who is terse and lucid, has less grasp than Moeller everywhere shows of the inseparableness of the union between the Church and the State, and the necessary intertwining of ecclesiastical and civil history.

Further, Dr. Moeller is so emphatically fair and impartial that his handbook, with occasional annotations, may be used with satisfaction by students in rival camps. Throughout his treatment of the middle ages he exhibits so judicial an "Objectivität," like that of Ranke, that he seems at times to be coldly severe and indifferent. This aspect of his work, however, really proceeds from that sympathetic recognition of the good and right in each of two contending parties which preserves the historian from sinking into a mere historiographer of one of the two. If he rarely praises, he never rails, preaches, nor holds up his hands in pious horror. His critical spirit, unlike that of the old rationalism, has an open eye for the light shining throughout the "dark ages." He does not confine that light, like the old Protestant Church historians, to the farthing candles of a handful of heretics and schismatics, but expects and discerns it alike in popes and emperors, persecutors and persecuted, after the manner of F. D. Maurice in his lectures on the ecclesiastical history of the first and second centuries. Although Dr. Moeller is so independent in his judgment, his book is wholly free from all viewy and opinionative intrusion of the author's individuality. He shows the student how much he always has to do for himself, and the book is more fitted to provoke the good theological apprentice to further research into the "sources" and the "literature" which the writer indicates than to assist the idle theological apprentice in cramming.

Dr. Moeller, like all German historians of mediæval Christianity, excusably assumes his German Fatherland to be the central point of European Church history from the time of Gregory the Great, or at least of Charles the Great, to the time of the reforming councils and the Renaissance, the period which is included in this volume. It was drawn up for German students, and not for foreigners. Hence, it needs both additions and exclusions in order to be made a proper handbook for English students of the same period. The author shows, however, in the large portion which he is obliged to allot to Eastern Christianity, how thoroughly he has studied the latest Greek and Russian authorities in their own province. The like extension of research to the proper authorities is evident in his treatment of the beginning and development of English Christianity, and also in his chapters on Wiclif, for in both cases he sends the German student to the most capable modern English writers. He marks the two distinct lines of Roman and Celtic Christianity which were ultimately blended in the Church of England, and gave her a character so distinctly her own, and which the final outward triumph of the line of St. Augustine over the line of St. Aidan could not obliterate. Even in the thirteenth century, as Dr. Moeller shows, the Anglican bishops were fighting against the trade in "the sacrifices of masses" for the dead. Although they failed at the time, they were preparing the way for the sermons preached at Paul's Cross by their successors under the Tudors.

It is a pity that the untimely death of Dr. Moeller should have brought his useful work to a stop when he had only carried it as far as the eve of the Reformation. We are not aware whether he had collected and put in order any materials for its continuation beyond that point. It would have been very interesting and edifying to see how one of the most competent of modern German thinkers would have handled the most difficult period of the ecclesiastical history of his nation. The Old Catholic movements in Germany and Switzerland, and the subsequent friendly intercourse between Protestant scholars and the famous band of Catholic scholars at Munich and Bonn, have already considerably modified the traditional professorial view of the Reformation. Men like Nippold and Beysschlag, who confessedly stand in the front rank as historians, no longer regard the Lutheran Reformation as a struggle between Protestantism and Catholicism; but they now speak of it, at least in its beginnings, as a struggle between "Papalismus" and "Katholicismus."

Admirable as Dr. Moeller's History is from beginning to end, we cannot say the same for Mr. Rutherford's translation of it. It would not be quite just to accuse him of unfaithfulness; for, except in certain parts where he shows himself to be ignorant about the subject, place, or person mentioned in the text, his faults as a translator lie in the exactly opposite direction. He is too servilely faithful. He is evidently not at home in the ecclesiastical nomenclature. He speaks of "metropoles," because he finds only one word in the German ("als Metropolitens ins Auge") which ought to be rendered in English by the two words "Metropolitan sees." Elsewhere, when he falls in with the same "Metropolitan," he translates it as "metropolitans." He manages to roll three of the Eastern Patriarchs into one single person, whom he describes as "The Patriarch of the Orient, whom the Emperor could not reach." We wondered who this

* *History of the Christian Church in the Middle Ages*. By the late Dr. Wilhelm Moeller. Translated from the German by Andrew Rutherford, B.D. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1893.

great man could be; he looked like an early apparition of Prester John. But upon turning to the original, in order to discover what Mr. Rutherford intended to say, we found that Dr. Moeller wrote in the plural of "die dem Kaiser unerreichen Patriarchen der Orients." He says that the Greek bishops and the Greek secular officials who were within reach of the strong arm of the Imperial iconoclast, Constantine Copronymus, submitted to the decrees of the Synod of Constantinople in 754; but that all the great rulers of the Church who were beyond his reach—such as Pope Stephen II. and the Patriarchs of those Eastern Churches which had fallen under the Arab dominion—protested against its decrees. Mr. Rutherford's perversion of the well-known town of Ueberlingen, on the Lake of Constance, into an "Upper Lingen" is a sheer piece of geographical guesswork. The city and lake of Constance have also caused him some distress. The word "Bodensee" is translated "Lake of Constance," and the city is in some places "Constance," and in others "Kostnitz." These variations occur in the original text, where every German would understand them; but, as Mr. Rutherford uses them in the same section of the History, any English reader who knows little about topography or the great reforming Council will naturally conclude that he is reading about two different places, and may be perplexed at not finding them both upon the map. That Basel is always "Bâle," as if it were a French city, and Charles the Great as invariably "Charlemagne," as if he were a French king, does not surprise us. Such flaws in nomenclature are pardonable, as we usually know what they mean. The man who commits them may nevertheless be a fair translator, and give us a readable book. We can even tolerate his occasional lapses into newspaper English. Such is his rendering of "das heilige Mahl" (the Eucharist) into "the sacred repast," and his translation of "die römischen Sendboten," meaning the Roman St. Augustine and his companions, into "the Roman emissaries." The word "Sendboten" is used of the Lord's Apostles, and has no such sinister meaning as the word "emissary" has acquired. Mr. Rutherford's phraseology seems to imply that there was some strange difference between the baptism of the great Southern ruler and the baptism of the great Northern ruler in our island. "The Roman emissaries were able to baptize Ethelbert," whereas "Eadwin had himself baptized." Sometimes he so misreads a simple German word as to make his translation say the flat contrary to that which is said by Dr. Moeller. Thus, when St. Boniface, the English Apostle of Germany, was consecrated bishop by Gregory II., the Pope made him take an oath of canonical obedience formed upon the model of the oath hitherto taken only by his own suffragans, the suburbicarian bishops of the Roman archdiocese. "Only," says Mr. Rutherford, "the promise of loyalty against the Greek Emperor is naturally wanting." What was really omitted was, of course, as Dr. Moeller says, "das Versprechen der Treue gegen (towards) den griechischen Kaiser." Mr. Rutherford says that Nicholas V. "lived to see the Conquest of Constantinople, and now summoned a Crusade." But Dr. Moeller expressly says that he summoned Christendom to "the Crusade" ("rief nun zum Kreuzzug")—that is, to the definite Crusade whose original object was the rescue of the Christian East from the infidel, as distinct from those so-called crusades which Popes had preached for their own selfish projects. We could cull a big posy of similar odd renderings from Mr. Rutherford's pages. But these are a small vexation in comparison with the torture of attempting to unriddle the amazing dialect in which he has presented the whole of Dr. Moeller's book to the English reader. His rule of translation seems to be the scrupulous reversal of that rule which the late Master of Balliol is said to have imposed upon himself—namely, to "get away from the Greek." Did Mr. Rutherford take a solemn oath to his publishers that he would never get away from the German? We do not think that there is any dialect so hideous and irritating as that piebald German-English in which this volume is composed. The words are English; the construction is German; the result is Babylonish. He says of Mount Athos, "The state of ecstasy which was here produced was brought about by the enforced rest of contemplation of the clouds." We began to select some characteristic specimens to put in the pillory, but the heap grew so fast and so big that we were obliged to desist. A translator ought to make it matter of conscience to master his own native tongue. We can see that Mr. Rutherford has conscientiously attempted to get at Dr. Moeller's meaning; and if he had but translated his own queer German-English into our common English, he would have made all students of Church history his debtors.

NOVELS.*

OF Miss Cholmondeley's artfulness in constructing one side of the plot of *Diana Tempest* something has already been said in this Review. Contemplation of the novel, as a novel, suggests more reflections, perhaps, than novels generally do; and this is not surprising, for, as every judicious reader of *The Danvers Jewels* knows, Miss Cholmondeley is an exceedingly clever and humorous author. In the first place, one can hardly avoid noticing the remarkable extension of the conventional boundaries of propriety which has taken place in the last twenty years or so. Just as *A Woman of no Importance* and *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* are now considered plays perfectly fit to talk over in the drawing-room, so we have Miss Cholmondeley calmly writing a novel—and a very good novel too—which George Eliot would never have dared to publish, and which respectable libraries in her time would probably have refused to circulate. When *Adam Bede* was published many people thought it immoral; but *Diana Tempest* is to *Adam Bede* as the *Decameron* to *Roderick Random*. For the moment we express no opinion upon the change of manners, but merely observe and record it, as some have "vainly talked" to be the whole duty of critics. The story consists of how John Tempest was the owner of Overleigh; how he loved his first cousin, Diana Tempest; how he went in peril of his life by reason of the wickedness and folly of his heir-presumptive, Colonel Tempest, the father of Diana, and what came of it all. The whole matter turns upon the paternity of John Tempest, and upon this delicate subject it is that the author so cruelly outrages what used to be the proprieties. Colonel Tempest's hostility to his nephew has its origin in the circumstance that John was, in natural fact, the son of another gentleman than the Colonel's elder brother. The agony begins when John, who is a punctiliously honourable person, discovers that this was so, or rather discovers—which was all he could discover—that his parents had believed it to be so. Had Miss Cholmondeley known more—shall we say?—physics, and more of the world, she would at once have surmised, as the fact is, that by the law of England, and of every other civilized country, a person born in wedlock while his parents are living together is legitimate, whatever relations may have existed between his mother and any other person. John Tempest, in fact, was as legitimate as Queen Anne, and far more indisputably so than Queen Elizabeth. Therefore, when he appeals for the reader's sympathy on account of sacrificing his inclinations to his honour in giving up his inheritance because he considers himself illegitimate, he does not get it, but on the contrary, is considered an ass for his pains. Moreover, his folly does not stop there, because his father—i.e. his legitimate father, and predecessor in title—left to him by name in his will whatever he had the power to bequeath; so that John's design of giving up everything he had was from any point of view indefensible. Miss Cholmondeley might reply that an honourable man would not take advantage of a rule of law so technical as that which presumed him to be his father's son, when he knew he was not. We hope, however, that she would be too sensible to do so, and would perceive at once that it is only by force of technical rules of law that any son or legatee has any better title than other persons to the property of any father or testator. In fact, property, beyond what a man can sit upon or hold in his hand, has no existence except by force of law, and therefore when an honourable man wishes to have what he is justly entitled to, and nothing more, the law is the only thing he has to go by. The interest of Miss Cholmondeley's story is very much diminished by the sense of unreality produced by John Tempest's inconceivably ignorant and absurd behaviour in this connexion. For the rest, the story is told with remarkable cleverness. The heroine is neither well-bred nor attractive; but then she came of an exceedingly bad stock. Her cousin's wrong-headedness about the law of legitimacy naturally resulted—by the aid of an obvious but very well worked-out set of catastrophes—in transferring the property to her, and she as naturally transferred it back to him by marrying him, so that the whole matter made little or no practical difference. Every now and then Miss Cholmondeley's satire transcends the limits of

* *Diana Tempest*. By Mary Cholmondeley, Author of "The Danvers Jewels" &c. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1893.

Six Common Things. By E. F. Benson, Author of "Dodo: a Detail of the Day." London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1893.

A Life Awry. A Novel. By Percival Pickering. London: Bliss, Sands, & Foster. 1893.

Platonica. A Study. By Ethel M. Arnold. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1894.

A Prison Princess. A Romance of Millbank Penitentiary. By Major Arthur Griffiths, Author of "Secrets of the Prison House" &c. London: Cassell & Co. 1893.

A Prisoner of War. By F. A. Inderwick, Q.C. Illustrations by W. Padgett. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1893.

good taste, as when she particularizes in unpleasant detail the way in which more or less ridiculous personages breathe or eat. There are some things in life which by persistently ignoring conventionally one comes eventually to ignore and forget in reality. That is a great convenience, and it is, in part, what good manners are for. George Eliot, whom in more ways than one Miss Cholmondeley's work recalls, understood this instinctively, and Miss Cholmondeley would do well to bear it in mind. Notwithstanding the grave fault and the more trifling blemishes here adverted to, and the fact that it contains too much preaching—some of it both commonplace and foolish—*Diana Tempest* is a remarkably clever and amusing novel.

Six Common Things, by Mr. E. F. Benson, consists of sixteen short stories, more in the nature of essays really, bound together by the thread of a fictitious personality, and for the most part recording each some deliberately trivial and essentially unimportant matter. There is in them hardly any trace of the light-hearted cynicism and audacity which went some way to redeem a variety of defects in *Dodo*. Their moral appears to be that very small matters often afford an infinity of more or less delicious pathos to any one who lets his mind dwell upon them with morbid persistency. A plain and dowdy woman misses a train and begins to cry as it leaves the station. A dog performs its tricks in the hope of amusing its little mistress, who happens to be dead. We are told at length how a little boy had in his pocket a piece of chalk, which he had stolen from a billiard-table, when he was killed by a fall from his pony. We are invited to pore upon the exact words and gestures with which an old man took leave of the grave of his last surviving grandchild. Finally the supposed narrator of most, if not all, of the stories announces that he is going to die in the space of a few months, and moralizes gracefully on the subject for the public benefit. It is perfectly true that there is an almost endless quantity of woe to be got out of almost anything by a person who is determined to revel in that luxury. It is also true that to some people this amusement is exceedingly seductive. They are, above all others, the people who, if they are to enjoy life in a useful or healthy way, or to do any good to themselves or any one else, ought sedulously to turn their minds away from any such speculations. There is, for most of us, a great quantity of serious trouble in the world which has to be endured, and it is no help to the manly endurance of it to be for ever fingering the fringe of fictitious agony. The chalk the dead boy stole should be thrown away and forgotten as soon as possible, and the weaving of a possible tragedy about the woman who lost her train is about as unwholesome a way of spending time as could possibly be devised. The whole scheme of these stories is morbid and deleterious to the last degree. They are better written than they deserve to be, but that is not saying much. Their composition, being originally and fundamentally erroneous, has betrayed their author into faults of taste which, if he has any time to spare from bedecking himself with fanciful and gratuitous additions to the sorrows of life, he must bitterly regret. There is a story about a governess containing remarks on governesses generally which are just clever enough to be offensive to any lady engaged in that pursuit, and exquisitely painful probably to one here and there. Altogether the volume is one the appearance of which the friends of the author have every reason to deplore.

Percival Pickering would appear to be the name, or the assumed name, of a lady; partly because the authors of novels generally are ladies, partly because the men in *A Life Awry* go out shooting "on the moors" at a time of year when the appearance of peaches at tea in the garden collects great numbers of wasps, when a beautiful sunset occurs long after the tea has got stone-cold, and when the heroine after that finds it light and warm enough to lie out in the garden, relieving her overstrained feelings by writing a sentimental parable about Love; and partly, perhaps mainly, because few men would have the courage to devote three volumes of the usual length to an extremely detailed exposition of the furious and passionate love of a crippled young woman for her commonplace and rather stupid cousin, who did not care a snap about her. The weak part of it is that the reader shares Hugh Lilcot's indifference to his cousin Judy, who was, in all senses of the word, a most uncomfortable little person. To say the truth, the subject is not attractive, one scene, where Hugh was lying unconscious from concussion—or, as the author calls it, "compression"—of the brain, and Judy took advantage of the circumstance to climb on his bed and cuddle him affectionately, being repellent in an unusual degree. Judy had a beloved friend Maud, of middle age, who considered love a disease, and was, though an extremely virtuous person, profoundly bored with her perfectly unobjectionable husband; and these two held "divers" more or less "disgusting" conferences on the subject.

Ultimately Judy, in the most cowardly spirit, abandoned the struggle against her misplaced fancy, and crowned a misspent life by a discreditable suicide. The story is uniformly unpleasant, which is the greater pity because it is just sufficiently well written to suggest that Percival Pickering might produce something good enough to pass muster if she—or he—would select a less disagreeable theme.

Not altogether dissimilar, but very much better done, is the short story, or "study," to which Mrs. Ethel M. Arnold gives the title *Platonica*. Susan Dormer also loved in vain, but she maintained a decent reserve, not only with the man and the other woman (who, with very slight help from a fisherman, complete the *dramatis personæ*), but also with the reader, who, of course, is allowed much more of her confidence. Moreover, she died like an honest woman "from natural causes," and not feloniously. All three characters are natural and strongly presented, and the story, though very short, is a good, complete, and artistic piece of work. We do not admire the trick of printing the concluding lines of each chapter like a diminishing epitaph. Literature should be independent of typographical eccentricity.

There is very little art about *A Prison Princess*. The story begins at Millbank, of which the author, Major Griffiths, is an accredited historian. It relates the adventures, principally melancholy, of a half-hearted sort of adventuress, who came into the Penitentiary more by bad luck than by desert. It is ingenuously told, and though not very exciting, leaves us grateful to the author for his evident wish to interest and amuse.

A Prisoner of War is a sketch rather than a romance, and it shows Mr. Inderwick to be possessed of a decided power of giving an idea of the character of a locality, and also of what may probably have been the character of a period. The place is the neighbourhood of Romney Marsh, and the time the close of the Napoleonic wars. Mr. Padgett's illustrations are not pictures of the events recorded, but decorative and appropriate head- and tail-pieces. They suit the character of the story well, and the process is unusually good. Mr. Inderwick is, of course, known to be a person of literary and historical tastes as well as of professional distinction; and the production of *A Prisoner of War* shows an industrious and praiseworthy use of a leisure that can hardly be otherwise than scanty.

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH DRESS.*

QUIDA describes the nineteenth-century clothing of an Englishman as "the most frightful, grotesque, and disgraceful male costume which the world has ever seen." It may be so, but the Englishman can, at any rate, congratulate himself that, except in the matter of "toppers" and "chokers," he has emancipated himself from the tyranny which forced his ancestors to wear garments as uncomfortable as they were costly. Then, too, he is now content with home-made fabrics and native tailors, spending his money in his own country, and not for the benefit of foreigners. Britons, like Mr. William O'Brien, have had to fight for their breeches. The Romans, for a time, forced them to adopt the long tunic and the toga, also to fasten their cloaks on the shoulder instead of in front; but it is climate, in the long run, which settles the question as to whether a nation shall be trousered or untrousered—the two distinct classes into which male costumes can be separated. In accepting "divided skirts" picturesqueness has to be resigned, for drapery is almost essential to grace of line; but surely freedom of motion, plenty of pockets, materials not spoilt by a shower of rain, with the bonus of an evening costume which forms an admirable background for be-frilled and befeathered wives and daughters, is an amply sufficient standpoint for the English gentleman, even if he did not, as he does, dictate the modes to Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg. The author of this pleasant and well-written "History" has collected together so many curious details with regard to the frolics of fashion indulged in by our countrymen that we cannot resist giving a little sketch of them by way of review.

How skilled the Gauls and early Britons were in the manufacture of personal ornaments in gold and silver can be seen in the collections of many private and public museums; but not the gaily chequered coats and bright blue mantles which must have made artistic gleams of colour amongst the green downs and primeval forests. The Saxons were equally fond of gay clothes and of massive bracelets, chains, belts, and brooches, strong enough to be worn in battle, with only the addition of a helmet to make a fighting costume until they adopted armour. The

* *A History of English Dress from the Saxon Period to the Present Day.* By Georgina Hill. London: Bentley & Son. 1893.

Normans first introduced into England what one may call the fripperies of dress and fashion, as distinguished from the more or less savage custom of using anything pretty or valuable to bedizen the clothing rendered necessary as a protection from the weather. For instance, Count Fulk of Anjou, having misshapen feet, invented shoes with long points to hide this deformity. William Rufus adopted the invention; it became a fashion which was carried to the most ridiculous extremes, and, strange to say, survived for three centuries. It is curious to observe that, whilst the Normans attached enormous importance to the possession of dainty costumes, they seem to have made little or no effort to make their houses harmonize with their clothes. Richly embroidered velvets were trailed over dirty, damp, rush-covered floors. A chair was a luxury, blinds or curtains were undreamt of, and window glass scarcely used. There were no carriages. Every one had to either ride or walk over the muddy, unpaved streets. There were not even umbrellas to ward off the rain, or the elops which were always thrown out of the upper windows, regardless of the passengers below. The dress of this period had, however, one redeeming feature. Working-men wore clothes fitted to the occupations in which they were employed; not like the artisan of to-day, whose clothes are much the same in style as those worn by a duke. As a rule, so long as a peasant costume survives, it is clean, neat, and carefully repaired; but wearing secondhand garments from an upper class seems at once to debase the wearer and destroy his pride in personal propriety and neatness of attire. Great efforts have been made by different sovereigns to regulate the dress of their subjects, particularly with regard to the long padded, pointed shoes of which we have already spoken. When they arrived at a length of two feet they impeded locomotion, and had to be chained to the knees of the dandies who were so silly as to wear them; but sumptuary laws failed to put down this nuisance, though shoemakers were, in London, liable to a fine of twenty shillings for making points exceeding two inches in length. The clergy could also lay under a curse those who wore the proscribed shoes. These sumptuary laws were very intricate and curious, but for the greater part of little use, as they seem to have been only spasmodically enforced, often probably taken advantage of to gratify small personal revenges. However, the laws were distinct and strictly laid down in the most minute particulars. Yeomen must not wear any furs but otter, fox, and coney. No man under the rank of a banneret or a bishop might trim his robes with ermine or marten, except the officers of the King's household. Purple cloth of silk was forbidden to any one under the rank of a lord, and cloth of gold of tissue was reserved exclusively for princes and dukes. When amplitude was the fashion, there were fines if skirts and sleeves touched the ground, or more than a certain number of yards were used in their construction. Then, when the fashion changed, there were penalties if coats were shorter than the fixed length. The law, also, forbade people to spend more than a certain percentage of their income or capital on clothes, the extravagance in that direction having become a matter of serious national importance. The wearing of jewelry was also regulated according to the incomes of the wearers. The clergy, if possible, even more than the laity, indulged in unpardonable extravagance of costume, horse trapping, and every other luxury. Henry I. tried to institute some reforms in this needless expenditure, although he did not attempt to interfere with the magnificent sacerdotal robes, which were of the most sumptuous description, jewelled and brocaded, regardless of the time or money spent on them.

During the Tudor dynasty a great change was gradually effected in the style of dress. The nation became energetic for trading or learning, for work or play. The trading garments hitherto worn, with their useless flowing sleeves and ridiculous perishable fringes, disappeared to give place to close-fitting raiment, which, though still sumptuously decorated, allowed a man to move his arms and legs. The City merchants were winning their place as a great and powerful upper middle-class, the future backbone of the nation. Their large incomes enabled them to make a braver show than the lesser nobility, who had been impoverished by war and extravagance. A sixteenth-century writer says:—"I think no realm in the world . . . dote so much in the vanity of their apparel as the Englishmen do at this present." The taste for display was also shown in the trappings of the horses and the jewelling of arms. There was a garment often mentioned called a "night-gown," common to both sexes, but not used to sleep in. It filled the place now occupied by tea-gowns and smoking suits—for dress undress purposes. These "gowns" were of costly materials, satin or velvet, and richly trimmed with embroidery or fur. The upper classes were able to import foreign manufactures without paying duty, whilst the merchants and lower orders were obliged to use home-made goods. However, in the reign of

Elizabeth the silk-weavers and the lace-makers whom Alva's persecution drove from the Netherlands, fled to settle in England, so that foreign productions soon came under the category of "home-made," and the merchants could no longer be prevented from using them.

In the Court of the Stuarts there gradually came a great transformation in dress. Ruffs, wigs, whalebone, and padded doublets gave place to lace, ribbon, and curled locks. An air of lightness and softness was given to the Vandyke costume which came to be identified with loose morals. The dress of the Cavaliers was still more delicate and elaborate. Costly "shirts of taffeta sarsenet, soft and light as cobwebs," shoe roses costing thirty pounds the pair, and as many as nine pairs of silk stockings, worn one over the other, to give warmth without thickness. These required garters with diamond buckles. One can scarcely now imagine three hundred Scotch nobles dressed in white satin and lace, plumed hats, fringed boots, and earrings. Alongside of the Cavalier stood the Puritan glorying in his doublet and hose of coarse dark cloth, and his thick worsted stockings, round his throat a plain band of linen, instead of a delicate lace cravat, no slashings or rosettes, no plumed hat, diamond buckles or curling hair; his sombre dress was the expression of his religion and of his politics. William and Mary imported Dutch fashions, which were mixed with those of the Stuarts, to the detriment of both. Then came the reigns of Beau Nash and Beau Brummell, but we cannot command space to follow Mrs. Hill's pleasant lead through the days of crinolined coat tails, cocked hats, gigantic muffs, ruffles, periwigs, patches, and powder. The only time when dress seems to have been under a cloud was during the Great Plague. Then people were afraid to buy new clothes for fear of infection, and, indeed, would have found it difficult to have them made, so extraordinarily large had been the mortality amongst the tailors. They probably lived in insanitary workshops like the sweating Jew tailors of our own time.

We must not allow it to be inferred that this History is principally concerned with "male costume," or even altogether about dress—quite the contrary. Its pages are more occupied with ladies than with gentlemen, and it is full of side lights, interesting to the politician and the political economist; but we confess to being so nauseated by the prominence given in the contemporary press to women's dress, past, present, and to come, that we have shirked any reference to Mrs. Hill's exhaustive account of its vagaries and monstrous inventions.

DISCOVERY, TRAVEL, TOURING, AND SPORT.*

THE Rev. Mr. D'Orsey gives by no means a flattering description of the Portuguese in their relations with the natives of Asia and Africa. It may be said that we English have little right to throw stones; but, though our action has often been arbitrary, it is in a great measure vindicated by results. The rule of the English has assured peace and comparative prosperity to countries groaning under misgovernment, with all its inevitable consequences. There is no denying the daring of the early Portuguese explorers. Encouraged by Prince Henry, the Navigator, and his successors, they not only pushed their discoveries into the distant seas, where they were beset on all sides by unfamiliar dangers, but they seemed to have laid the solid foundations of a splendid colonial empire. Those bright prospects proved delusive, and their power had scarcely been established before it began to decline. Their descendants, enervated by climate, indulgence, and promiscuous intermarriages, are the most backward and disreputable of modern colonists. The Portuguese half-breeds on the Lower Zambesi are the great stumbling-blocks to the regeneration of South-Eastern Africa; and on the Malabar coast they would never have maintained their precarious footing had not the British merchants of Calcutta extended their dominions to Cape Comorin. Mr. D'Orsey's book more or less directly explains some of the causes which account for their failure; as he calls attention to the real character of the missionary enterprise, which nominally christianized for a time considerable districts of the country. The early conquerors operated at a vast distance from the base of their operations, with a mere handful of men in indifferently appointed caravels. As was invariably the case in similar circumstances, they went on the

* *Portuguese Discoveries, Dependencies, and Missions in Asia and Africa.* By the Rev. A. J. D. D'Orsey. London: Allen & Co. 1893.

How I Shot my Beira; or, Two Years' Tent-Life in Kulu and Lahoul. By Mrs. E. H. Tyacke. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1893.

Here and There in Italy. By Linda Villari. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1893.

Gossip of the Carribbees. By Wm. R. H. Trowbridge, Jun. New York: Tait & Co. 1892.

principle of conquering by dividing, and found an ally in a discontented feudatory who gave them aid, and offered them a stronghold and a harbour. It was the story of Cortez marching against Montezuma.

But, like the Spanish Conquistador, Da Gama and Albuquerque were men of iron, who knew as little of fear as of scruples. There has seldom been a more desperate feat of arms than that by which Albuquerque celebrated Christmas Day, 1510, by the storm of Goa, against tremendous odds. Had they shown as much statecraft as courage, the Portuguese might have consolidated a territory between the protecting mountain barrier and the sea, and attracted the commerce of the East to the marts of an Indian Phenicia. But they knew no moderation, and, from the highest to the lowest, all hastened to be rich. Their exactions were as intolerable as their administration was merciless; the subjugated princes groaned under their tyranny, and traders who ran serious risks of being slaughtered were slow to buy goods which might possibly be confiscated. In any case the profits were pretty nearly swallowed up by the Portuguese excise and customs. As if to ensure the failure of colonization, the foreigners were as fanatical Catholics as they were covetous, faithless, and licentious. They grasped at everything, they broke their solemn pledges, and they indulged themselves in harems of native concubines. Yet they insisted on Hindu and Mahomedan recognizing the purity of their creed. Naturally the natives would have declined to listen to those Christian priests when beyond the reach of the fires and the torture-chambers of the Inquisition. But then came St. Francis Xavier and his zealous companions of the Order of Loyola. Mr. D'Orsey does full justice to the saintly character of St. Francis, whose self-sacrifices had been as noble as his life was austere. He shows how Hindu and Mussulman recognized alike that this new apostle was of a very different type from the men who hitherto had sought to impose the Cross upon them; and, consequently, the benighted heathens were sadly puzzled. But he goes on to show—what is, indeed, self-evident—that Xavier was guided by the principles and injunctions of his Order; that he conscientiously made himself all things to all men, and accepted lip-service instead of insisting on heart-worship. Indeed he had, for the most part, to do his converting through an interpreter, and was content with the visible sign of some rite or ceremonial observance. Hence it was that such seed as he scattered, having no depth of root, speedily withered away. Nor did it help the mission of those Portuguese proselytizers that a body of persecuted and despised Christians had been in the country from time immemorial. There still exists, as there existed when Vasco da Gama sighted those Southern ghauts, a community of about a quarter of a million of so-called Syrian Christians. They cherish the tradition that it was St. Thomas the Apostle who first brought the message of salvation to their shores; and they practise in their churches the Syrian ritual, as, in spite of persecution and episcopal tendencies, they have always held fast to the Nestorian heresy.

Mrs. Tyacke shot those bears of hers in Kullu and Lahoul, which are mountainous territories lying to the south of the better-known Ladakh. Kullu appears to be a congeries of valleys and ravines among the spurs of the snow-capped Himalayas which enclose it on three sides. The terraced villages surrounded by hardy fruit trees and scanty crops are inhabited by a people who are simple in their costume, disgustingly filthy in their habits, and who seldom or never wash. The ladies wear but a single garment, notwithstanding the inclemency of winter weather, and are treated by their masters as beasts of burden. In fact, the men objected to do any work for the strangers, and could scarcely be tempted by money to bring in the necessary supplies. So that housekeeping was a matter of extreme difficulty, and Mrs. Tyacke had to face sundry gratuitous hardships. Of course she rather liked that, or she need not have prolonged her sojourn. Her constitution was an extremely tough one, or otherwise she must have succumbed to cold, wet, and malaria. Yet physically she was very far from strong. She says that her height is five feet one, and that her weight is under 6 st. 6 lbs. She adopted a neat and sensible sporting dress; a tunic of light and porous woollen was worn over warm underclothing. Even so, and much to her disgust, she was sometimes compelled to leave the more formidable stalks to her husband; for it was no light matter crawling on all fours over the boulders in a nullah, or scaling cliffs where the edges cut like knife-blades. Yet riding on what were called regular roads was even more dangerous, for she never knew when a few yards might not give way, and drop her in the direction of some bottomless abyss. The choice of eligible camping grounds was limited. On the only bit of level ground sheep were sure to have been folded, and then the herbage swarmed with ticks which clung and sucked like bloodthirsty leeches. An avalanche of earth or snow was always a contin-

gency to be calculated with. The bears seem to have been plentiful; but, in the absence of capable guides, and with the variety of cover in the ravines and thickets, it was seldom easy to find them. Mrs. Tyacke, who has excellent eyes, was most successful when she surveyed the hillsides from some height, like a professional deer-stalker through his "prospect-glass"; generally when the wind blew fair, there was no great difficulty in approaching. But sometimes, as we have remarked, the approach was both difficult and dangerous. Some of the nullahs, for example, are so many *coudoirs* which, when the snows are thawing or when the rains set in, are swept by the descending boulders and tree-trunks, which ricochet from wall to wall. Nor are mountain accidents the only form of peril. When the Tyackes were in Kullu there was a visitation of cholera, which hastened their advance into the highlands of Lahoul at the risk of their retreat being cut off. By the way, Mrs. Tyacke remarks, as a curious, but well-established, fact that birds have a presentiment of the coming epidemic, and migrate with one accord before its arrival. If it be so, it is specially remarkable in the case of vultures and other birds of prey, who, as they live in great measure on carrion, might be supposed to look forward to banqueting on the corpses.

Here and There in Italy is very slight, very bright, and very taking. There is really next to nothing in it that is new; but it is pleasantly suggestive for wanderers in Italy who have a taste for scenery, a turn for sketching, and who take pleasure in observing primitive customs. Chiesanuova, for example, which is a Veronese pleasure-resort in the mountains, can only have attractions as a place of sojourn for those who are ready to rough it. But there are peaks and picturesque gorges which are tolerably accessible, and the hills around are honeycombed with curious caverns. Val Bregaglia suggests the strange history of the De Salis family, very ancient noblesse of the Grisons, whose scions have served with distinction in all the armies of Europe, and who own more than one venerable residence in that valley. At Asolo we hear of the honours paid to Browning's memory; for there the poet inhabited a singularly gloomy suite of rooms in the extremely noisy neighbourhood of a clamorous peal of bells. As for Bordighera and Circean Capri, they are about as familiar to the tourist as Brighton or Charing Cross, and their witcheries might very well have been taken for granted. Much the same might be said of romantic Aosta and Courmayeur, but there is an interesting chapter on the Lilliputian Republic of San Marino, though it was described thoroughly only the other day by Mr. Bent.

In *Gossip of the Carribees*, Mr. Trowbridge obviously models himself on Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and in a succession of slight sketches or short stories deals with the Windward group of the West Indian islands in its social aspects. The little volume is amusing, and some of the imitations are creditably successful. "The Queen's Representative," which, in the order of precedence, naturally comes first, is disfigured by transparently veiled personalities. Mr. Trowbridge evidently owes a bitter grudge to a well-known colonial Governor and his lady; and the pseudonyms under which they are described were never intended for purposes of disguise. The "Boy from Home," who is driven to self-murder, is a very close reproduction of one of Mr. Kipling's rather repulsive tragedies. "Mrs. Clarendon's Dance," on the contrary, is an excellent piece of social comedy, and there is a great deal of capital broad farce in the misfortunes that befall the ambitious hostess whose little dance proves a dismal failure. "The Old Portrait" is a thrilling romance of the last century, which nevertheless seems to bear internal evidence of keeping pretty closely to actual facts. "For the Sake of the Cross," though somewhat melodramatic, is a really powerful tale of noble self-sacrifice, where a youth turning his back on the wealthy and beautiful heiress he adores, walks away under the weight of the cross to the pestilential Delta of the Niger, where the devoted missionary is doomed to a lingering death, without being granted the blessed gift of oblivion.

SCOTLAND YESTERDAY.*

THIS volume in a set of sketches depicts various types of character living in an East-coast village and in a country town on the West coast. It is a comfort to find that "yesterday" such types existed, and presumably "to-day" has not altogether abolished them and their pleasing characteristics. As a rule, we fear that Scotland shares the weakness of other places, and is too much afraid of not being like every one else to cherish and cultivate what is typical in her clachan and town life. Parliament is fond of providing machinery through which every ass in a district can rise to the surface and be reported in the

* *Scotland Yesterday*. By William Wallace. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

local newspapers, and we must in all honesty admit that the typical town councillor in the east or west of Scotland is an animal brutish in his manners and radically ignorant in his thoughts. But the parochial, county, or Parliamentary politician is scarcely touched on in this book. The pictures deal with the men and women who must exist in every small and simple community, nor do most of them stray from the walk and conversation we should suppose natural to their condition. To this there are one or two exceptions, and the story of "The Fisherman" is a remarkable one, and does not suffer in the telling. It is interesting to note throughout the story how the man works out his destiny, in the strength of those qualities which in all ages have been typical of the Scot. On the other side we may make the same comments on the story of "The Dressmaker," for the same class of interest pertains also to this history. These two stand out among the eleven sketches which belong to the village life. Of the ten dealing with the town, we may again mention two of real merit, "The Shabby Scientist" and "The Clergyman of all Work." Mr. Wallace has seen the way to mingle pathos and dignity in his account of these individuals, and they are the most lifelike among several excellent portraits. The fashion which was set by the deserved success of "A Window in Thrums," and works by the same author, will not immediately die out, and we see a chance of our being somewhat wearied by "Types" presented to us in rapid succession, like slides in a magic-lantern, without any more cohesion than living in the same locality affords. At any rate, if we are to have them, it would be well to leave country towns and villages, and for a change allow us to have a glimpse of some of the types inhabiting the great centres of population. Further, we would suggest that they should be written not by a superior being "taking notes," but by equals in the same profession. How refreshing it would be to have a work on "Typical doctors and their methods," written by a brother M.D. "Typical vanities of literary types" would be at once a wholesome confession, and one the public would cheerfully endorse. The developments of "the Parliamentary Type by the Member for Typingham" would contain amusing, if not new matter, and many suchlike works could be written by various classes of men and women. Human nature is never uninteresting; but, if we are to have its "types," we think that some of the most interesting are to be found among those who walk in a social state which cannot be described as primitive or simple. Coming, as we suggest it should, from within, the work requires a seeing eye, a strong hand, and an experience which has sounded the depths as well as the heights of typical human nature.

BOOKS IN SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE.*

WE have already had occasion to praise the work of Mr. Felix Schelling, Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. His discourse on the Poetic Criticism of Elizabeth's Reign and his edition of Jonson's *Timber* were real contributions to the history and study of Elizabethan literature. So is his monograph on Gascoigne; though we discover a few signs—not very many, nor, we hope, very certain—of his being invaded by the terrible malady which has been barbarously but not ineffectively called "specialistitis." We note this in a certain tendency on Professor Schelling's part to attach credence to Mr. Fleay's fantastic identifications of individuals on the faith of, at the most, possible, and, at the worst, very improbable personal allusion; and, secondly, in a distinct inclination to magnify his particular subject. These are signs we know of old, and as we hope for much more good and solid work from Professor Schelling, we would implore him to take care. If the disease goes no further than at present no great harm will be done; but we have seen such examples of its ravages that we tremble. For the rest, a good monograph on Gascoigne was by no means superfluous, and Professor Schelling has supplied one. We wish it had fallen to his lot to prefix it to an edition of the poet; for the originals are in-

* *The Life and Writings of George Gascoigne.* By Felix E. Schelling. New York: Glinn. 1893.

The Religious Drama. By Katharine Lee Bates. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

A Discourse of the Commonwealth of this Realm of England. By W. S. Edited by Elizabeth Lamond. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1893.

The Whitehall Shakespeare. Vol. I. The Aldine Poets. London: Constable. 1893.

Butler. Edited by R. B. Johnson. 2 vols. London: G. Bell & Sons. 1893.

Thoughts that Brattle and Words that Burn from the Writings of Francis Bacon. Edited by A. B. Grosart. London: Elliot Stock. 1893.

Sir Thomas Browne's Urn Burial. Edited by Sir John Evans. London: Chiswick Press. 1893.

accessible; Chalmers is rather uncritical and incomplete, besides being very cumbersome; and even Mr. Hazlitt's edition is neither complete, nor very accurate, nor within reach of everybody. And Gascoigne is certainly interesting, though, as we have hinted, Professor Schelling seems to us to put him much too high. He was a typical man of letters of Elizabeth's early years, a singularly bold striker out of new paths, and a fairly courageous walker in them. But as for his positive achievements, his works, Bolton's hypercriticism—"they may be endured"—is for once scarcely hypercritical.

Miss Bates modestly says that her little volume "embodies a brief course of lectures given at the Summer School of Colorado Springs." Not very much need be said about it, and certainly no evil. It seems to have come from a sufficiently careful study of the chief authorities on the subject, supplemented by an honest attempt to attain a certain amount of first-hand knowledge. In performing this last task Miss Bates seems to have suffered slightly; and she recounts her sufferings with an amiable femininity. Altogether the book is a fair specimen of what is well known in England as "University Extension Literature." That this has increased and is increasing no one will deny; on the question whether it ought to be diminished there might be "wigs on the green."

In books, as in life, there is always something pathetic about posthumous children. Miss Lamond, of Girton, the editress of the *Discourse of the Commonwealth of this Realm of England*, died before it was finished. But she seems to have done her work with the greatest care, going to MS. as well as printed sources. Perhaps the book printed in 1581, and attributed to W. S., claimed with some show of reason for the well-known Sir Thomas Smith many years earlier, and here attributed to John Hales, of Coventry, *circa* 1565, is not, considering the many things that await good modern editing, and the fact that it has been often printed before, quite worth so much pains. But it is a distinctly valuable authority on the social state of England, and this is the hour of inquiries into social states; it is an early treatise on Political Economy, and it throws light on the ever-burning inclosures question, on the coinage, and other things. Also it is a sufficiently unpretending example of mid-sixteenth-century English, much of the stamp of Ascham and his fellows, but less scholarly. So it may be welcomed cordially enough.

It is ill writing the life of anybody after Isaac Walton; but the anonymous person who, under the orders of the Tract Committee of the S.P.C.K., has attempted this in the case of *George Herbert* has gone the wisest way to work in his dangerous attempt. He has not aimed at a formal literary narrative, but has rather made what used to be called "collections"—notes of whatsoever is known about Herbert, his ancestors, his friends, his sojourns, his circumstances. The book will thus, perhaps, be of rather more use to the student than delight to the reader; yet to him also, if he be well tasted, should it be not unwelcome.

We can recommend some very prettily printed and bound, and very pocketable, *Rambles in Shakespeare's Land*, by George Morley (London: Record Press), to all visitors to that sacred soil.

There is nothing on the title-page to show that *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia* (London: Sampson Low) is not a new book, but the dedication to the Earl of Derby, as Prime Minister, sufficiently identifies it with an edition published some five and twenty years ago by, we think, the late Mr. Hain Friswell. We should not, we confess, have advised its reproduction ourselves. It is very well printed, and very prettily produced in every way; while it is, no doubt, very true that the general reader is unlikely to read this famous book, either in the old editions or in Dr. Sommer's elaborate facsimile. But the principle on which the editor of this *rifacimento* (for that is what it is) proceeded—the principle of leaving out just what he chose to consider "not Sidney's," of cutting down long episodes, and so forth—is one which we can by no possibility admit as legitimate. And, though we are no enthusiastic believers in the doctrine of progress, we do flatter ourselves that almost every decade of this century, at least, has made it more and more unlikely that a person who cares enough about the *Arcadia* to think of reproducing it at all should think of reproducing it in such a fashion. Even at its original date this edition was an anachronism, and it is more of an anachronism now.

There cannot be too many Shakespeares, unless, indeed, somebody should reply, as did the lover to whom was given a portrait of his mistress (which, as it chanced, was a proof copy, and had written on the back "Twelve of these"), "But there is and can be only one!" The latest, published by Mr. Archibald Constable, printed at the Chiswick Press, and called *The Whitehall Shakespeare*, is an exceedingly handsome and desirable book. It is to fill twelve volumes in a very comely square crown octavo

or foolscap quarto; it has excellent paper, a large and fine letter well set on the page, an index of Shakespeare's characters which we do not remember to have seen attempted before, a blessedly moderate allowance of almost entirely textual notes, and a sufficient glossary. May it prosper! Nobody who wants a Shakespeare, and has room for one in twelve volumes, can do better, if so well.

The same printers, this time in their doubled part of publishers also, have issued, in their beautiful "Chiswick Press" series, Sir Thomas Browne's *Urn Burial*, with its satellite tract on the Brampton Urns, edited by Sir John Evans—two good knights well met together. The elder of the two is far above praising; but it is delightful enough to read once more his mighty music in this pleasant issue. Sir John, in his introduction and notes, is not copious, but apposite and learned.

Few people, we should imagine, will think Dr. Grosart happy in his choice of a title for an anthology from Bacon. But, putting this aside, this addition to the pretty little pocket collection called the "Elizabethan Library" is well enough. For the most part, and very wisely, it is taken from those writings of Bacon's which are not generally known, though Dr. Grosart, being human, has not been able entirely to resist the temptation of drawing on the *Essays* and the *Apophthegms*. As a "beauties" volume, and one likely to send the reader to the original, it is, perhaps, the best designed of the series as yet, and deserves buying as a Christmas present.

The Aldine *Butler* was always one of the best of the series, though Mitford its editor might perhaps have digested his editorial matter more thoroughly. On the whole, however, we think that Mr. R. B. Johnson, who has superintended its reproduction for Messrs. Bell & Son, was wise to preserve his predecessor's divisions in the prolegomena, and merely add to each what was necessary. For his text he has (instead of, like Mitford, merely following Zachary Grey) gone to the original, and he has written a new Memoir, setting out most of the very little known about Butler, but not indulging much in criticism. It is a pity that he has neglected the opportunity of supplying what has never yet been given, a full indication of the remarkable resemblances of Butler's manner to that of the *Satire Ménippée*; but what he has done he has done well.

Of pamphlets and brochures we have a leash (interesting in different orders of interest) to notice. The miraculous "Clelia" continues what she herself calls "the Clelian criticism" begun in *God in Shakespeare and Great Pan Lives*, by a small instalment entitled *The Shakespearean Reconciliation* (Luzac). In this we learn that "Mr. W. H.'s offences were not of a kind amenable to law" (which most glad we are to hear it), and that Antonio and Sebastian in the *Tempest* are self-interest and *laissez-faire*. For our part we have little doubt that Caliban is a coal-owner, and that Ariel is Mr. Pickard, M.P. Much more distressing is the latest work of another old friend of ours, Mr. W. C. Wigston, *Discoveries in the Bacon Problem* (Turnbull & Spears). (Our own discovery, by the way, is that "Can you carry coals?" is a clear Bakespearian "lead," for coals suggest rashers; cf. "A rasher on the coals.") Mr. Wigston is not happy and reconciled like Clelia. He is, we grieve to learn, in the position of a man in pursuit of thieves who have robbed him. From "the malice of private enemies," from "literary persecution," and from unscrupulous persons who have been handing his discoveries about London, this savoury professor, whose virtues are as a pot of incense in Shaoconia and a burnt-offering in Bakespeareland, is also suffering. We deeply sympathize. What the particular discovery which has thus been looted is, we have been not wholly fortunate in discovering. Mr. Wigston finds in Fluellen's "Alexander the pig" a Shaoconian light. Is it that?

Our third pamphlet is a very different thing from these. Mr. Deighton, of whom more anon, has collected some ingenious Conjectural Readings on Marston (G. Bell & Sons), and has done well to publish them. In the originals, and perhaps still more in Halliwell's edition, Marston is one of the most corrupt of our dramatists; and it was not within Mr. Bullen's scheme to castigate the text conjecturally. Mr. Deighton's notes are, in some cases at any rate, well worth transferring to the margin. The first on "Master" and "Mounser," in *Antonio and Mellida*, is in the best style of emendation, and not a few others are equal to it.

Of school editions of Shakespeare and other authors, but especially of Shakespeare, we have so many before us that we can but afford a word or two to each. Of Mr. Deighton's issues, which we have noticed often, and as often praised (Macmillan), we have three, *Romeo and Juliet* and the two parts of *Henry the Fourth*. They are as good as ever.

Of the "Warwick" Shakespeare, an adventure of Messrs. Blackie's, we have also three numbers—*Macbeth*, by Mr. E. K. Chambers; *Richard the Second*, by Mr. C. H. Herford, and *Julius Caesar*, by

Mr. A. D. Innes. The arrangement of these editions represents a somewhat newer, and therefore a probably less permanent, style of criticism than Mr. Deighton's. Thus Mr. Herford lays great stress on rhyme-tests, end-tests, and suchlike quilllets, while Mr. Chambers attempts a style of abstract æsthetic, which we do not think very profitable. None of the editors, however, allows his predilections in this way to interfere with a very painstaking and solid handling of his subject in other ways. The Junior School Shakespeare is another issue of the same publishers intended for lower forms; and in it we have *Henry V.*, edited by Mr. W. Barry, and *Coriolanus*, edited by Mr. W. Dent. Here the text, with sufficient verbal explanation, is made the chief thing.

Out of Shakespeare we have two selections from Milton issued by the Clarendon Press in very small instalments, both edited by Mr. O. Elton. Thus *L'Allegro* forms a number to itself of a single sheet only, and *Lycidas* one of a sheet and a half. They are both well done, but we are sorry to see in them, as in some others of the books we have noted, a tendency to confuse hypothesis with demonstration.

For Messrs. Bell's English Classics Mr. Deighton, again extending his excursions, edits, and edits very well, Massinger's *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*. This admirable play, since it at last lost that hold on the stage which it so long maintained, has probably been too much forgotten by the general reader, and as he has now, it would seem, left off reading when he leaves school, we must e'en make a shift to get him to read it there.

AFRICAN TALES.*

NO one has had better opportunities to collect what we may style oral African literature than Mr. Stanley. His dark companions used to tell tales round the camp fire nightly, and from these he now publishes a selection. The stories of the Zanzibar people, he thinks, are "mere importations from Asia." There is already a volume of these, *Swahili Tales*, by Dr. Steere, and we gather from Dr. Steere that portions at least of the stories appeared to him to come from the African interior. They were in form *cante-fables*, half verse, half prose, like *Aucassin et Nicolette*, a form of which there are one or two remains in Scotland. The Swahili version of *Puss in Boots* is well known; it contains some original features, and has a few marks which might be thought to indicate an Arabian original. Mr. Stanley prefers the stories from the interior, almost all of which he says, have a moral. This is not an uncommon feature in the *Märchen* of the world in general—indeed, Perrault, at the beginnings of speculation on popular literature, conceived that all such tales were originally told to enforce a moral lesson. This is exaggerated; but some, at all events, like the tales in which courtesy and kindness are rewarded and arrogance punished, had, no doubt, from the first a moral aim, and were novels with a purpose. This kind is very common in Southern Africa. The style appears to us to be slightly, and of course unconsciously, sophisticated—at least, if we may judge by comparison with the Zulu, Kaffir, Bushman, and Hottentot stories of Callaway, Theal, and Bleek. The first story is not a *Märchen*, but a myth—the tale of the Making of Man. Earth held a pool and a Toad only, while the Moon reigned in the sky. The Moon proposed to make man and woman to be happy; the Toad was equally ambitious. The Toad did make men without "a charter" from the Moon. Now, this notion of a charter does not exactly strike us as of native African origin. The Moon burned the Toad, touched up man and woman, and gave them axes, fire, pottery, dominion over the animals. As men became more numerous, they became less happy and shorter lived, and all their sorrows—the Origin of Evil, in fact—are due to the original creation by the Toad. In other African legends the moon means to make men immortal, but is frustrated by the hare or some other animal. The whole legend is an example of early philosophic dualism. The "Goat, Lion, and Serpent" attributes a good deal of man's success to the wisdom of the snake; when the woman "unrobed the lion of his furry spoil," one scarcely seems to hear a literal translation. "The Queen of the Pool" is a legend of a divorced wife, who makes a happy home among the animals till her malevolent husband comes and destroys it; he is punished by her kindred. The woman is particularly successful in domesticating fish. It is a very kindly and poetical legend.

"The Elephant and Lion," a mere tale of war between these beasts, explains why the woods are haunted. "We are in a fever almost from the horrible illusions of fancy." This,

* *My Dark Companions and their Strange Stories*. By H. M. Stanley. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1893.

again, is rather a civilized way of expressing the idea. "King Gumbi and his Daughter" (who was espoused and returned) has some features of a *Märchen*, but—to the general disgust of the camp, which we share—ends needlessly ill, in the drowning of the Princess and her lover, who can rub brass rods out of his teeth. Some early Howells has been at work on the conclusion, which gave great dissatisfaction. "Maranda" is also a tale of little interest, and with no dramatic complications. "Katinda's Dog" was so clever, and his mistress boasted of him so much, that he feared to be burned for a witch (a dog was burned for a witch by the enlightened Puritans of New England!); finally he ran away and killed his indiscreet mistress. Then we have a prince who cried for the moon, and an engineer who nearly brought it down, and caused the spots on it. But the end was disastrous, and the people were turned into gorillas. The moral is obvious—don't cry for the moon! "Kimvera" is the romance of a royal love-child who became King of Uganda; he is a kind of Umslopogaas of milder mood. The custom of exposing children is as much the ground of romance in Africa as in ancient Greece. The beast stories, à la Uncle Remus, would be better if Mr. Stanley could abstain from such brave words as "when he fully realized the catastrophe in its completeness." Do natives of any part of Africa talk like newspaper reporters? They do not in Callaway's, Theal's, Bleek's, Steere's, and other African collections. We have no means of comparing the original for "when he fully realized the catastrophe in its completeness," but we imagine that a simpler and more attractive style of translation might have been adopted. Brer Rabbit distinguishes himself, as usual, by his astuteness, and we presume that the negroes imported their tales of Brer Rabbit to America from Africa. The hare, however, is equally gifted among the Red Indians. The tales of friendly and unfriendly gorillas are among the best; but, on the whole, except in the Brer Rabbit stories, there is little merit in the narratives. They have none of the dramatic charm of *Märchen*, and are most remarkable, when remarkable at all, for a certain poetical element, as in the Creation Myth, and the legend of 'The Queen of the Pool.' They are of slight value for comparative purposes, and throw little new light on manners and customs.

NEW MUSIC.

MADRIGALS by English Composers of the Close of the Fifteenth Century is a very interesting volume, prepared for the Plain-song and Mediæval Music Society, and published, in a limited edition, by Novello, Ewer, & Co. The madrigals, which are six in number, have been taken from MSS. in the British Museum, and skilfully transcribed into modern notation by Dr. Charles Pearce and Mr. C. F. Abdy Williams. Two are ascribed to King Henry VIII., one to Edmund Turges, one to William Newark, and the remaining two are anonymous. All are written in three parts, mostly for mixed voices—that is, soprano, alto, and bass or tenor; but one is for two sopranos and alto, and another for male voices only. They are, of course, intended to be sung without an accompaniment; but for convenience of practice a pianoforte score is added, and in one case an organ part for church use. Great credit is due to the Society for its enterprise in bringing to light these further instalments of the buried wealth of old English music, but we do not quite see why the edition should be limited to 250 copies, as numerous musical Societies, large and small, would gratefully appreciate so interesting a collection, if it were brought within their reach.

Amateur pianists will find the series of pianoforte music issued by Hammond & Co. worth their attention. It is capably printed and convenient in form, and includes a sufficient variety of compositions to furnish a very fair repertory of a modest kind for home use; but no sort of order is attempted in the issue of the several numbers. For instance, we have here No. 35, "Henselt's Favourite Pieces"; No. 39, "Organ Studies," by Charles W. Pearce; No. 42, "Lose Blätter," by H. Lange; No. 45, "Mozart's Favourite Melodies," arranged by H. Lange; and then, à propos of nothing at all, No. 47, "First Steps," by J. Schmuck, a volume of purely rudimentary exercises. Nevertheless young players, by looking through the list, will be able to pick out much that is useful according to their several tastes and accomplishments. "Autumn Reverie," by George F. Kendall (Hammond & Co.), is a pleasant and unpretentious little piece by a writer evidently acquainted with Henselt.

Just now the gavotte ranks with the skirt-dance as a fashionable amusement, and there is consequently a run on gavottes, not as music, but for dancing purposes. Those who have mastered the accomplishment will find "Pierrette," by R. Wellesley, serve

their turn very nicely. It has a well-marked gavotte rhythm, and is none the worse for being constructed with extreme simplicity. "Polkatella," by the same composer, is described as a *morceau de salon*, so we suppose it is intended more for ornament than use. But, all the same, it would make a very acceptable dancing-polka. "The Gipsies," a song by the same hand, is, like the foregoing, of a popular and unambitious character. We have never heard gipsies singing their "old refrain—Holla!" but they do that kind of thing in song, so no doubt it is all right. These works are published by the "London Music Publishing Company," but printed in Leipzig, which sounds inconsistent.

INCUNABLES.*

THE late Henry Bradshaw translated the title of Du Cange's great work, *Glossarium ad Scriptores Medicæ et Infimæ Latinitatis*, by *Dictionary of Muddled and Infamous Latin*. But even in Du Cange we do not find *incunabula* in the modern sense of the word. In English we do not often meet even with "incunables," but it has long held its place in French to signify books printed in the infancy of the art. Why there should be a cradle for this particular art, and for no other, it would not be easy to say. In the catalogue before us M. Olschki gives descriptions of more than five hundred "incunables," or books printed before 1500. People must have been very busy in those fifty years between the date of the invention of printing, in or about 1450, and the end of the century. M. Olschki's five hundred probably represent at least a thousand different editions as having been produced, as it were, suddenly. The difference to the learned world must have been enormous. Rulers, and especially the Papacy, looked with great and increasing jealousy on the spread of knowledge which followed. Yet we find the first printers in Italy, Sweynheim and Pannartz, setting up their press, first in the monastery of Subiaco, and subsequently in Rome itself. M. Olschki does not notice any work of Caxton, but both he and the anonymous "schoolmaster of St. Albans" were at work before 1499, and in both cases the press was more or less nearly connected with a great abbey. The Church, it is evident, did not at first discourage the new spread of learning, and a large proportion of the books in the list before us are of a religious character; thus following the lead of the very first printers, whose first undated work was a Bible, and whose second book was the beautiful dated Psalter of 1457. It is curious to remark that, regarded merely as a work of art, this Psalter has never been excelled. A very fine copy is shown in one of the cases in the King's Library at the British Museum, and proves that, at the very first attempt, the difficulties connected with colour-printing were successfully surmounted.

M. Olschki has placed an asterisk to the names of those printers who were the first in their respective towns. Some of these names are little known to fame. For example, only students have heard of "Bartholomæus de Valdezechio Patavinus et Martinus de Septem Arboribus Prutenus," who were the first printers at Padua, where they worked in 1472. "Antonius Zarthus," in 1470, was the first printer at Milan; but a round dozen were at work there within twenty years. There are many among us to whom a catalogue is as interesting as a novel; and unquestionably such a careful compilation as this of M. Olschki should find favour with many who are not collectors.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

VII.

WEIRD Tales from Northern Seas (Kegan Paul, Trench Trübner, & Co.), translated by Mr. R. Nisbet Bain from the Danish of Jonas Lie, is deserving of being styled a wonder-book among wonder-books, since it is composed of some of the wildest and most fantastic stories of sorceries and strange elemental creatures that Scandinavian literature contains. "Jonas Lie," Mr. Nisbet Bain observes, "is sufficiently famous to need but a very few words of introduction"; and this, no doubt, is a true saying, so far as it relates to Lie's more considerable work in fiction. But the novelist's short stories, especially those illustrative of the folk-lore of Norwegian fishermen, are much less familiar, we believe, to English readers than are the novels, and these short stories comprise some of Lie's most powerful writing. Eight of the eleven tales translated by Mr. Nisbet Bain are taken from the first of the two Christmas story-books entitled *Trold*, which was published as lately as 1891. His remaining three are derived from earlier volumes—one,

* *Incunables*. Par Leo S. Olschki. Venice: Olschki. 1893.

indeed, from the author's first romance. The scene of many of these stories is laid on the stormy seas that wash the Lofoden Islands. They deal with the lonely lives of the fisher-folk of Helgeland and Finmark. The exceedingly grim narrative of "The Fisherman and the Draug" is a type of these wild yarns of the Norwegian fishermen and their superstitions. On the haunted isle of Kvalholm a poor fisherman lives, who inadvertently one day offends a demon, known as a draug, who had taken the form of a huge seal. He drives his harpoon into the back of the seal, and the creature makes off into the waves, and that night the wooden shaft of the weapon is washed ashore at the landing stage. From that moment the man leads a haunted life. Strange voices mock him, and a hideous form hides in his boat and scares him as he flies from him. He prospers, however, until he is tempted to buy a bewitched smack in which he sails homeward with his wife and family. The description of that last voyage is as fine as "The Witch of Fife." Another striking story is the legend of "Jack of Sjöholm and the Gan-Finn," which thoroughly merits, like the rest, the much-abused description "weird" adopted by Mr. Nisbet Bain. Some of the tales, such as "The Cormorants of Andvaer," are suggestive of Eastern origin, or at least of Eastern analogues; and in "The Earth Draws" we have one of the most singular tales of underground folk and buried treasure. But the whole book is full of delightful imaginations, and in a congenial spirit, for the most part, has Mr. Laurence Housman illustrated it. We would note, for example, the admirable drawing of "The Wind-gnome," the vigorous illustration of the young witch "Toad" and the dun horse, and the drawing that illustrates the wonderful story of the Gan-Finn.

With a hundred diverting and spirited drawings by Mr. Hugh Thomson, and an excellent memorial sketch of the author's life by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, the new illustrated edition of Miss Mitford's *Our Village* (Macmillan & Co.) is a book to charm the most fastidious of book-lovers. *Our Village* is, of course, a perennial among favourite books, and is likely to charm many a coming generation in whatever form it takes. A prettier form than this new edition it has not hitherto known. Mr. Thomson's expressive and humorous art has never been employed with happier results than in this beautiful little book. Mr. Austin Dobson is fortunate also in his association with Mr. Bernard Partridge in the illustrated edition of *Proverbs in Porcelain* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.) The poet's craft and the artist's are here at one as artist's design and sweet poetry seldom are. There is the pleasantest accord on both hands in executive accomplishment.

Mr. J. D. Batten has won repute as an illustrator of fairy-lore, and must greatly increase that repute by the striking and unconventional drawings contributed to *Fairy Tales from the Arabian Nights*, edited and selected by E. Dixon (Dent & Co.) The new edition of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* (Gay & Bird), in two volumes, with illustrations by Howard Pyle, is a handsome reprint of the most popular of Dr. Holmes's works. The artist's vignettes and larger drawings are conceived in sympathy, and show considerable felicity in treating the poetic symbolism of the book, as in "The Closed Door," a photogravure, apparently after a painting. *A Book of Pictured Carols* (George Allen) comprises a selection of old carols, some of which are, indeed, archaic versions, with illustrations designed by members of the Birmingham Art School under the direction of Mr. Arthur Gaskin. There is a studied quaintness in most of the designs that should satisfy those who delight in mediævalism or what passes for it in these days. There are angels, for example, that are of the Burne-Jones order, as in "Salvator Mundi natus est," while "Three Damsels in the Queen's Chamber" is frankly Rossetian in manner. "The Art Annual" for the year, written by Archdeacon Farrar and Mrs. Meynell, is devoted to *William Holman Hunt* ("Art Journal" office), whose work is illustrated by representative paintings and designs reproduced by "Goupil-gravure," line-engraving, and other means. The new volume of *The Art Journal* (Virtue & Co.) is, as hitherto, one of the most attractive gift-books of the season, both with respect to the quality of the illustrations and the varied interest of the descriptive and critical articles that compose the volume. From Messrs. Bell & Sons we have a new revised edition of Miss Anna Swanwick's translation of the First Part of Goethe's *Faust*, "with Retzsch's illustrations." The extremely popular "Outlines" of Retzsch, some of which might have been more carefully printed than they are in the book before us, have excited very diverse opinions. They are undoubtedly excessively ingenious, and show an exuberant fancy. Mrs. Jameson even detected "imagination" in them, and described them as if that were their chief quality. But for that magical power in *Faust*

illustration we must go to Delacroix. We have also received *Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare*, with illustrations by Sir John Gilbert (Routledge); *The Comic History of England*, with Leech's inimitable illustrations complete (Routledge), a most desirable presentation volume; and the new volume of *Cassell's Family Magazine*, excellent as usual, and admirably illustrated.

The Christmas number of *Punch* presents itself as the expected guest of whom we have certain foreknowledge as to his coming and what he brings. Mr. George Du Maurier, Mr. Tenniel, Mr. Sambourne, Mr. Harry Furniss, Mr. Bernard Partridge contribute to the pictured page, as in recent years—Mr. Tenniel with a "Midsummer Night's Dream," a cartoon of fantasy, in which may be traced the hand of the illustrator of "Alice's Adventures," and Mr. Du Maurier with a dream-sequence, which, if less nightmarish than the great original of the series, is yet mighty pleasant and ingenious. Exceptionally attractive is the Christmas number of *Harper's Magazine* (Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.), with a charming rondeau by Mr. Austin Dobson, inspired by the most famous of Watteaus, on a line of Th. de Banville—"Embarquons-nous pour la belle Cythère"—and some delightful drawings of Mr. Abbey—the "Sylvia" is a gem—in illustration of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, not to mention "A Soldier of Fortune," written and illustrated by Mr. Howard Pyle; "An Outpost of Fortune," by Mr. F. Remington, cleverly illustrated by the writer, and other interesting articles.

Something of a recipe for the making of a book for boys might be looked for in Mr. R. M. Ballantyne's *Personal Reminiscences* (Nisbet & Co.), or such "confessions of a wandering youth" as are proper to an inventor of mighty adventures. But, strange to say, Mr. Ballantyne was not cradled in the backwoods, or reared on a desert island. He became an author by accident, as it were, and did sometimes write confidently of what he had never seen, as in the fearless way of romancers. One confession he makes that interests us much, as it will interest every contemporary boy who read *The Coral Island* when it first appeared. "I sent one of my heroes," he writes—whether Jack, Ralph, or Peterkin, he does not say, and we cannot remember—"up a tree for a nut" (a cocoa-nut), "through the shell of which he bored a hole with a penknife, and drank the 'lemonade.'" Long after the story was published he learned the truth as to the husk of the cocoa-nut. Perhaps the critics who accused Mr. Ballantyne of "drawing the long bow" were referring to this audacious passage. In *Valdmer the Viking* (Hutchinson & Co.) Mr. Hume Nisbet is not less daring in devices and imaginings, though in another fashion. The adventures of Valdmer and his bardic brother in the land of Tule and in England are exceedingly spirited and charged with wonders. Valdmer is a fine fellow, though he permits his brother to fall into the sad pedantry of spelling "Lundun," "Wint-castre," "the island of With," and so forth. *A True Cornish Maid*, by G. Norway (Blackie & Son), is a story of Cornwall in the days of Wesley, when smuggling was rife, and the pressgang and the fishermen were occasionally at strife. The hero, on his return from a contraband trip, kills an officer of the pressgang in an affray, and flies for his life. He is at length hunted down, and locked up in the cellars of an old monastic building, from which he is rescued by the ingenuity of his heroic sister. Mr. Norway's story has life, character, and force. We strongly recommend it as an excellent book for boys. Dr. Gordon Stables tells of gallant deeds in the Old and the New World—the deeds of Rodney, Howe, Elliot, and the War of Independence in America—in his "story of flood and field," *Facing Fearful Odds* (Shaw & Co.) Boys who take up Mr. W. C. Metcalf's *Rogue's Island; or, the Pirate Lair* (Shaw & Co.) can scarcely fail to sympathise with the sad plight in which the hero is represented at the opening of the story. He has a hard, miserly father, who denies him the pleasures of school-life, and allows him no kind of recreation. His relief from a monotonous existence is brought about by a kindly sea-captain, a neighbour and friend of his father's, who takes him to sea, where he passes through a stormy yet rapturous time in the China seas, among pirates and other picturesque ruffians. Mr. Patchett Martin's *True Stories of Australasian Life* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) treats of early navigators and explorers, of the Kelly gang of bush-rangers, the Maori wars, and other matters of history. More true stories—of "Indians and Indian fighters"—we have in *The Men of the Backwoods*, by Ascott R. Hope (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), of which capital book we have a new and revised edition, illustrated by Mr. C. O. Murray.

The Christmas number of the *Queen* has a pretty story by John Strange Winter, "A Heart Unspotted," with illustrations by Fred Pegram; "The Wind's Wooing," by Adam Martin; "The Landlord of the Tête Blanche," by Francis Gribble; an article on "Yule-Tide, Old and New," another on Christmas cheer, making it a doubly attractive number. Its coloured

picture is "The Proposal," by J. Haynes Williams, and is decidedly well done. In the Christmas number of the *Graphic* there is a good story by S. Baring-Gould, "John and Joan," illustrated by M. J. Dicksee. It is, as he expresses it, a "coorious" story of John and Joan's adventures during the memorable blizzard of 1891. The other stories are "The Vengeance of Dungarvan," by E. Lester Arnold, illustrated by W. Hatherell; "Triggs' Cat," by Eden Phillpotts; "A Face in the Bush," by Morley Roberts; "A Day in a Tramp's Life," by Paul Cushing, illustrated by Miss Robinson; "An Episode of West Woodlands," by Bret Harte. The series of humorous sketches are decidedly above the average. The coloured pictures are "The Squire's Daughter," from the picture by John Charlton; "Lilies," from the picture by Blanche Jenkins; and "A Proud Father," from the picture by W. H. Trood.

Vanity Fair's Winter number has many stories in it. "The Edge of the Precipice," by H. B. Marriott Watson; "The Undertow," by the Earl of Desart; "Natalie Ivanhoff: a Memory of Fort Ross," by Gertrude Atherton; "Far above Rubies," by H. B. Finlay Knight; "The Happy End of Sister Elizabeth," by John Ayscough; "The Prisoner in the Indian Shawl," by Max Pemberton; "Necessity, the Mother of Invention," by C. J. Wills; "A Neglected Warning," by J. Randal; "A Deserted Farmhouse," by Lady Fairlie Cunningham; "The First Bi-Cuspid," by Hartley Davis; "A Miracle in Rabbits," by Lady Colin Campbell; and "An Unreasonable Man," by Jeanette Van Alstine, making a goodly collection, on the whole above the average in quality of Christmas numbers' stories. The cartoon of this number of *Vanity Fair* is "On the Terrace," a political spectacle.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

ONCE more, by an accident which it is difficult to think merely accidental, two volumes of criticism occur together, and from the same publishers, by the two French critics who are most popular and most opposed to each other in style and tone. For, in the matter of this opposition, M. Jules Lemaitre, whose seventh series of *Impressions de théâtre* (1), and M. Emile Faguet, the fourth volume of whose study of French literature (2) by centuries in the persons of its chief and best-known exponents, seem to us to be even further asunder than M. Anatole France and M. Ferdinand Brunetière, who also form a pair of friendly enemies and an alternative pasture for opposing tastes. For though M. France may defend while M. Brunetière denounces personal criticism, and though the one mainly affects the dogmatic, the other the æsthetic side, both in reality are very learned men, and M. Brunetière has at least as strong personal preferences as M. France. Between our present pair, except that both write excellently, the differences are far more striking than the agreements. M. Lemaitre is not exactly a learned critic; in fact, we venture to think that he has rather less learning than he ought to have. M. Faguet is as learned as he need be. On the other hand, M. Faguet, though, being very much the reverse of a fool, we make no doubt that he has personal preferences, makes very little ostentation of them, and never by any chance substitutes them for argument. With "M. Jules," on the other hand, his favouritism is as ostentatious as his nescience. It is, of course, easy to say that both are assumed; that M. Lemaitre is neither so ignorant nor so capricious as he would have us believe. But the common principles of evidence come in here rather damagingly. It is to a man's advantage to assume knowledge and fairness; also knowledge and fairness are not easy things really to attain. We shall, therefore, be wise in giving slow credence to the pretension to them. But it is no trouble to be ignorant and flighty, and "if you do happen to be both" the ostentation of the qualities half disarms criticism of them; so that there are great temptations to the practice.

However these generalities may be, admirers of the two methods will find them excellently illustrated in this pair of volumes. M. Lemaitre's real faculty (for nobody denies him that) appears in sufficiently numerous places, as instances of which we may select his references to *Fantasio* and to *La faute de l'abbé Mouret*. His foibles and "little ways" appear very copiously indeed. For instance, the couple of pages which he devotes to the setting forth (in the *goguenard* tone of one who could say much more, look you, an' he would) of the argument merely of M. Maurice Bouchor's little drama-poem on Omar Khayyam, would be more effective to us if we did not feel morally convinced that M. Lemaitre knows very little about the poet of Nishapur. And elsewhere when, after high general praises of

J. J. Weiss, he proceeds to point out in a jaunty way that that critic's admiration of the minor poets and dramatists of the eighteenth century was a fond thing, vainly invented, we should like to be sure that his affectation of knowing nothing about most of them himself till he picked up a volume or two on the quays, and turned them over languidly, was not a "sooth boud." No doubt M. Lemaitre does his ignoring with an infinite grace; but there was one of his own poets who said

La vertu n'est point fille de l'ignorance;

and we do not know that a Congrebian air of being, not a musty student, but a gentleman who turns over a book now and then for his amusement, helps the matter much. As for M. Faguet, there is no danger of ignorance or *minauderie* there. Writing ostensibly for students, he, perhaps, charges his studies with a little too much matter for the idle reader, who, on the other hand, loves to be tickled by M. Lemaitre into the notion that hard reading is quite unnecessary, and that the chief and principal thing is to take your author as read, and cut capers round him. But we never knew any competent judge who found M. Faguet dull anywhere; and, as he discourses of the great men of the sixteenth century, from Commynes to Montaigne, it would be exceptionally odd if he were dull here.

The Count of Paris's "necessary liberty" (3) is the "droit de l'association," which he seems to construe in the sense of regarding the English Trade-Unions as examples. And there are still those who talk of the political ability of the Orleans family! "La monarchie n'a rien à craindre de la démocratie," perorates the Count. "Ni le feu de l'eau, Monseigneur?"

Dr. Puibaraud (4), who has held very high posts in the Prefecture of Police and the Ministry of the Interior, expressly disclaims any intention of catering for morbid curiosity, and his book contains little or nothing that is "scabrous." But much matter of interest will be found in it; and the survey and classification of the criminal classes of France, or at least of Paris, is very complete and curious.

We may note more briefly some new numbers of MM. Lecène and Oudin's capital *Classiques populaires*, the plan of which we have often explained—*Bosquet*, by M. Lanson, *Chateaubriand*, by M. Bardoux, *Guizot*, by M. de Crozais, and *La poésie au moyen âge*, by M. Clédat. In all these, as usual, extra~~at~~ summary, exposition are more aimed at than criticism. Also we have an extremely pretty reprint of Beyle's *L'abbess de Castro* in the charming little "Collection Lemerre Illustrée"; a French translation, entitled *Un jeune empereur*, of Mr. Harold Frederic's book on Wilhelm II. (Paris: Perrin); and several numbers of M. Grand-Carteret's amusing periodical, *Le livre et l'image*. The contents of these latter are too many to specify. The picturesque side of railways (not a fertile field with us), caricatures old and new, binding, book illustration, and many other things continue to receive the attentions of the magazine in letterpress and drawing, in colours and in black-and-white.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THERE are certain French writers of whom it may be said they do not suffer translation, as some do, but command it. They have but to write, and they are promptly Englished. M. Octave Uzanne is one of these true cosmopolites. His latest book was, as he tells us, a good deal delayed, like the tender ash, but no such delay has marked its appearance in English dress as *The Book-Hunter in Paris* (Elliot Stock), with the capital illustrations of the original, and a preface by Mr. Augustine Birrell. Of the bookstalls and *bouquinistes* of Paris—"le long des quais Conti, Voltaire et Malaquais"—M. Uzanne discourses, as one learned in the ways of that curious world—its history, its traditions, its famous exemplars. He handles his subject as one who loves it, and his sympathies are not less with mighty hunters on the quays than with notable purveyors both past and present. Lightly does he carry his learning and brightly does he sketch the bookmen and their riverside market. Those who sell and those who buy, not to mention those who steal, and the auctioneer's business at the *Maison Sylvestre*, are vividly presented in the course of those perambulations in which M. Uzanne plays the part of a Topffer, as he happily observes, rather than offers the guidance of a Baedeker. Of present interest to all book-lovers are his piquant contrasts of the old order and the new. Is there any romance in the pursuit? What of the old bookstalls, and where are the glorious "finds" of yore? These questions rightly engage M. Uzanne's reflective pen in his historical retrospect. As with all

(1) *Impressions de théâtre*. Par Jules Lemaitre. Septième série. Paris: Lecène et Oudin.

(2) *Études littéraires*. Seizième siècle. Paris: Lecène et Oudin.

(3) *Une liberté nécessaire*. Par le Comte de Paris. Paris: Lévy.

(4) *Les malfaiteurs de profession*. Par Louis Puibaraud. Paris: Flammarion.

other game, book-hunters have multiplied inordinately, and they who would find must seek diligently. M. Uzanne is something of a philosopher here. When he calls up Charles Nodier and the Romanticist prime we think involuntarily of that delightful story of Dumas, and the meeting in the theatre and the *Pâtissier Français*. But M. Uzanne sports with the transports of Jules Janin, and Mr Birrell, not to be outdone, sneers at the fervour of Dibden—unkindly, we think; we who are of Elin's mind, and know that bookstalls are not as they were. How should they be so, when a hundred hunters now replace the one of those days? Despite Nodier's lament over that barren year, 1830, they were the harvestmen then, and we are but gleaners.

The Paris Law Courts (Seeley & Co.) is a translation, by Mr. Gerald Moriarty, of the greater part of a book that describes with pen and pencil the Palais de Justice and the more general aspects of French judicial procedure. The book is addressed to the general rather than to the legal reader, and deals with the subject from various points of view—picturesque, historical, and so forth. The English reader will find much that is instructive and entertaining in these sketches of men and manners in French law courts. The illustrations form no small part of the attractive element in this interesting volume. The sketches, by M. Renouard and others, of counsel and judges, litigants, criminals, detectives, and the work of M. Bertillon's anthropometrical department, are uncommonly spirited.

Another illustrated volume that is decidedly attractive is the work of "A mere Don," and is entitled *Aspects of Modern Oxford* (Seeley & Co.) To a considerable section of the public something of mystery still clings to University life, and there are people who should be grateful for the enlightenment afforded by this pleasant volume. "A mere Don" describes how hard a matter it is to make the French or German University student understand what it is to be a Don, or, indeed, to set forth fully and without ambiguous terms the idea of a University such as Oxford embodies. But in these sketches of the Oxford of to-day there is clear and sufficient exposition. Of his own official day, with its multifarious cares and duties, "A mere Don" gives a faithful account, and he discourses, not without humour, of Fellows in general, of the examining body, of undergraduates—as they are, and as they were in works of fiction—and of ancient ideals and modern innovations. Messrs. J. H. Lorimer, L. Speed, T. H. Crawford, and E. Stamp contribute some excellent illustrations.

Lourdes: Yesterday, To-day, and To-morrow (Burns & Oates) is a translation by Mrs. Meynell of M. Daniel Barbé's remarkable volume on the famous place of pilgrimage, with the original water-colour drawings by M. Hoffbauer reproduced in colour. The story of the strange events that raised the obscure Pyrenean town to the peculiar eminence it now holds is one of the most curious and interesting stories of our time. M. Barbé traces each phase of its development, from the apparitions in the grotto reported by Bernadette Soubirous to the miraculous cures investigated by Dr. Boissarie and others, and misses no point of significance in his methodical narrative. His book, indeed, is a history, and for the present the most complete history, both of the events described and of the action of the civil and ecclesiastical authorities with regard to them, which we possess. If, as some would say, the original and local opposition of the Church was politic, rather than natural, it is difficult to discern an intelligible policy in the interference of the local civil authority, so stringent at first, or in the rigorous edicts of the Government that ensued. M. Barbé is content to narrate the sequence of events, without commenting on those matters in any spirit of *parti pris*. We must commend the skill shown in reproducing the extremely interesting illustrations.

From various periodicals Mr. Albert Bushnell Hart has collected his *Practical Essays on American Government* (Longmans & Co.), a volume that treats of things as they are, without offering suggestions as to what they should be. The ideal view of government does not enter into the scope of Mr. Hart's essays. They are designed to exhibit what the author describes as the "actual working of government in the United States." It is to this practical aim, and to his keen appreciation of the value and true relations of facts, that English readers of Mr. Hart's essays will ascribe their chief source of interest. Some of the subjects discussed, such as the working of the popular suffrage in the States, the position of the Speaker as Premier, or Civil Service Reform, appeal, of course, chiefly to Americans. But there are other essays that may be studied with profit possibly, and with interest decidedly, by Englishmen. "The Rise of American Cities," for example, is a well-considered paper on the growth of municipal life in the States, and there is matter enough for thoughtful English readers in the ingenious essay, "Why the South was defeated in the Civil War." In this last essay, however, there is one illustration of the weaker side, knit in unity by

national feeling, successfully resisting the stronger, which seems to be a little inexact. Mr. Hart cites "the feeble Spanish-American colonies" victorious over the mother-country, and the example of Holland, and then writes, "Spain, from 1809 to 1812, had by a popular uprising successfully resisted the armies of Napoleon," as if Spain had no allies, and Wellington and the Peninsular War were of no account. At one time the Confederate States of America were not without hope of allies, and certainly looked for European interference on their behalf. Had they gained their independence through realizing their hopes of foreign assistance, would Mr. Hart have ignored the means? He can hardly believe that a popular uprising in Spain could unassisted have come out of the struggle in the end successful against the armies of France.

Rambles in Historic Lands, by Peter J. Hamilton, A.M. (Putnam's Sons), is an American record of some four months' travel in Europe, which is pleasantly written, though in no sense distinguished. "What new has he to tell?" he asks, in the preface, and owns that it will not become an American, "in these Columbian times," to pretend that he can tell of things that are new. But there is "the new manner," he is reminded, and the art of seeing things a thousand times described with your own eyes. And it may be said that what Mr. Hamilton saw of European cities and lands was seen thoroughly, and is chronicled with intelligence and good taste. His book is illustrated from photographs which must have been unusually good ones, to judge from the reproductions.

The fear of dialect, which some do hold extremely, is like to deter readers from attempting *In a Cornish Township*, by Dolly Pentreath (Fisher Unwin), a story somewhat sketchy as to plan, with illustrations of unequal merit by Mr. Percy R. Craft. The "Old Vogue Folk" whom the author describes are vigorously portrayed, however, and the dialogue is, for the most part, faithfully rendered, and not without true colour and humour.

Readings from Great English Writers, by J. C. Wright (Allen & Co.), is a volume of selections that is innocent of plan, and inspired by no kind of purpose. It is an indescribable medley of brief prose and verse extracts from all kinds of writers, great and not great. The compiler's "biographical notes" are wondrous terse. Thus under "Scott" we read:—"The *Lady of the Lake* is a fine description of the scenery around Loch Katrine." Of Coleridge it is said:—"He was educated at the Charterhouse, from whence he went to Cambridge." James Hogg, described as the "Ettrick Shepherd," is represented by

Bird of the Wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,

which proves he had "no knowledge of the rules of rhyme." That noble series of ballads, *The Queen's Wake*, is described as giving "an account of Scottish bards assembled to prove their skill in competing for a prize." Altogether, a worse book of selections we have never seen.

The "House of Hatchard" is commemorated in a pleasing anecdotic fashion by Mr. Arthur L. Humphreys in *Piccadilly Bookmen* (Hatchards), which comprises something of a century of history in connexion with the Piccadilly house and its association with men of fame in the world of letters.

Parliamentary Pictures and Personalities (Sampson Low & Co.) is a volume of "Graphic" sketches by various hands. The sketches are by no means brilliant, as to caricatural quality.

The new "Penny Pocket Library of Pure Literature," issued by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, is much more convenient in form than the Society's first venture in penny fiction, though in some of the specimens before us the text is somewhat cramped. The series includes masterpieces such as Southey's *Nelson*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Masterman Ready*, *The Talisman*, *The Last of the Mohicans*, with stories by W. H. G. Kingston.

The delightful edition of Fielding's Novels published by Messrs. Dent & Co., and edited by Mr. George Saintsbury, is advanced to the tenth volume, which contains *Jonathan Wild*, concerning which work critics have strangely differed, and will continue to differ. But there should be no difference of opinion as to its inclusion in this charming set of volumes, though it seems that the persuasions of the present editor were required to secure this desirable end. It is well to avoid half measures, and a reprint of Fielding that was wanting in *Jonathan Wild* would prove to many nothing but an affliction.

Mrs. Richard Strachey's *Nursery Lyrics*, illustrated by Mr. Jacob Hood (Bliss, Sands, & Foster), is an extremely pretty book outwardly and within, the poems being notable for grace and fancy, and the drawings full of spirit and charm.

Among new editions we note Mrs. Elliot's *Old Court Life in France* (Putnam's Sons), two volumes, with portraits; Mr.

Thomas Newbigging's *History of the Forest of Rossendale* (Routledge & Co.), with illustrations; Dugald Stewart's *Outlines of Moral Philosophy*, with memoir and supplement, by Professor McCosh (Sampson Low & Co.); *The Beauties of Nature*, by Sir John Lubbock (Macmillan & Co.); *Chronicles of Christopher Columbus*, a poem in twelve cantos, by Margaret Dixon (Putnam's Sons), revised edition; and *Moral Philosophy*, by George Combe (Cassell & Co.).

We have also received *Life and Times of Henry Burt of Springfield*, by H. M. Burt and Silas W. Burt (Springfield, Mass.: Bryan & Co.), a history of Henry Burt, settled in New England, 1640, and of his descendants; *The Mechanics of Hoisting Machinery*, a text-book by Dr. Julius Weisbach and Professor Herrmann, translated from the German by Karl P. Dahlstrom (Macmillan & Co.), with numerous illustrations; *Count von Moltke as a Correspondent*, a selection of family letters and other correspondence, translated by Mary Herms (Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.); *The Monism of Man; or, the Unity of the Divine and Human*, by David Allyn Gorton, M.D. (Putnam's Sons); *The Ethics of Hegel*, selections from the "Rechtsphilosophie," by J. Macbride Sterrett, D.D. (Boston: Ginn & Co.); *The Order of Field Service of the German Army*, authorized translation, by Major J. M. Gawne and Spencer Wilkinson (Stanford), published for the Manchester Tactical Society; *Portugal and its People*, by W. A. Salisbury (Nelson & Sons); *The Bible: its Origin, Growth, and Character*, by Jabez Thomas Sunderland (Putnam's Sons); *What Does the Bible Say about the Church?* by the Rev. Joseph Hammond, LL.B. (Wells Gardner & Co.); *Johnson's Life of Addison*, with notes, &c., by F. Ryland, M.A. (Bell & Sons), "English Classics" series; *A Summary of British History*, by the Rev. Edgar Sanderson (Blackie & Son); *The Home; or, Life in Sweden*, by Frederika Bremer, translated by Mary Howitt (Putnam's Sons), new edition; *The Catholic Religion*, a manual for members of the English Church, by the Rev. Vernon Staley (Mowbray & Co.), with preface by the Rev. T. T. Carter; *Sketches of Christian Life in England in the Olden Time*, by Mrs. Rundle Charles (Nelson & Sons); the second revised edition of Karl Baedeker's *Greece: a Handbook for Travellers* (Leipzig: Baedeker; London: Dulau), with maps and plans; *Carlsbad*, by J. Hardmeyer (Zürich: Institut Orell Füssli), "Illustrated Europe" guide-books; *Schiller's Song of the Bell, &c.*, with notes by George MacDonald, M.A. (Blackie & Son); *Mrs. Curgenven of Curgenven*, by S. Baring-Gould, in 1 vol. (Methuen & Co.); *The Gold Bug*, by Edgar Allan Poe (Routledge & Sons), No. 3 of Guillaume's "Nelumbos," illustrated by Mittis; *Songs, Grave and Gay*, by F. R. Doreton (Horace Cox); *A Plunge for a Wife; and other Stories*, by J. H. Brane (Diprose); and *Womanlike*, by Florence M. King (Cassell & Co.).

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of M.S. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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